

ST. NICHOLAS.

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NO. 10.

THE BOY WHO TOOK A BOARDER.

BY CHARLOTTE ADAMS.

ONCE upon a time, long before any of you children were born,—about two hundred and fifty years ago, in fact,—a little boy stood, one morning, at the door of a palace in Florence, and looked about him.

Why he was standing there, I do not know. Perhaps he was watching for the butcher or the milkman, for he was a kitchen-boy in the household of a rich and mighty cardinal. He was twelve years old, and his name was Thomas.

Suddenly he felt a tap on his shoulder, which made him turn around, and he said, with great astonishment:

"What! Is that you, Peter? What has brought you to Florence? and how are all the people in Cortona?"

"They're all well," answered Peter, who likewise was a boy of twelve. "But I've left them for good. I'm tired of taking care of sheep—stupid things! I want to be a painter. I've come to Florence to learn how. They say there's a school here where they teach people."

"But have you got any money?" asked Thomas.

"Not a penny."

"Then you can't be a painter. You had much better take service in the kitchen with me, here in the palace. You will be sure of not starving to death, at least," said the sage Thomas.

"Do you get enough to eat?" asked the other boy, reflectively.

"Plenty. More than enough."

"I don't want to take service, because I want to be a painter," said Peter. "But I'll tell you what we'll do. As you have more than you need to eat, you shall take me to board—on trust at first,

and when I'm a grown-up painter, I'll settle the bill."

"Agreed," said Thomas, after a moment's thought. "I can manage it. Come up stairs to the garret where I sleep, and I'll bring you some dinner, by and by."

So the two boys went up to the little room among the chimney-pots where Thomas slept. It was very, very small, and all the furniture in it was an old straw bed and two rickety chairs. But the walls were beautifully whitewashed.

The food was good and plentiful, for when Thomas went down into the kitchen and foraged among the broken meats, he found the half of a fine mutton-pie, which the cook had carelessly thrown out. The cardinal's household was conducted upon very extravagant principles.

That did not trouble Peter, however, and he enjoyed the mutton-pie hugely, and told Thomas that he felt as if he could fly to the moon.

"So far, so good," said he; "but, Thomas, I can't be a painter without paper and pencils and brushes and colors. Have n't you any money?"

"No," said Thomas, despairingly, "and I don't know how to get any, for I shall receive no wages for three years."

"Then I can't be a painter, after all," said Peter, mournfully.

"I'll tell you what," suggested Thomas. "I'll get some charcoal down in the kitchen, and you can draw pictures on the wall."

So Peter set resolutely to work, and drew so many figures of men and women and birds and trees and beasts and flowers, that before long the walls were all covered with pictures.

At last, one happy day, Thomas came into possession of a small piece of silver money. Upon my word, I don't know where he got it. But he was much too honest a boy to take money that did not belong to him, and so, I presume, he derived it from the sale of his "perquisites."

You may be sure there was joy in the little boarding-house up among the chimney-pots, for now Peter could have pencils and paper and India-rubber, and a few other things that artists need. Then he changed his way of life a little. He went out early every morning and wandered about Florence, and drew everything he could find to draw, whether the pictures in the churches, or the fronts of the old palaces, or the statues in the public squares, or the outlines of the hills beyond the Arno, just as it happened. Then, when it became too dark to work any longer, Peter would go home to his boarding-house, and find his dinner all nicely tucked away under the old straw bed, where landlord Thomas had put it, not so much to hide it as to keep it warm.

Things went on in this way for about two years. None of the servants knew that Thomas kept a boarder, or if they did know it, they good-naturedly shut their eyes. The cook used to remark sometimes, that Thomas ate a good deal for a lad of his size, and it was surprising he did n't grow more.

One day, the cardinal took it into his head to alter and repair his palace. He went all over the house in company with an architect, and poked into places that he had never in all his life thought of before. At last, he reached the garret, and, as luck would have it, stumbled right into Thomas's boarding-house.

"Why, how's this?" cried the great cardinal, vastly astonished at seeing the mean little room so beautifully decorated in charcoal. Have we an artist among us? Who occupies this room?"

"The kitchen-boy, Thomas, your Eminence."

"A kitchen-boy! But so great a genius must not be neglected. Call the kitchen-boy, Thomas."

Thomas came up in fear and trembling. He never had been in the mighty cardinal's presence before. He looked at the charcoal drawings on

the wall, then into the prelate's face, and his heart sank within him.

"Thomas, you are no longer a kitchen-boy," said the cardinal, kindly.

Poor Thomas thought he was dismissed from service,—and then what would become of Peter?

"Don't send me away!" he cried, imploringly, falling on his knees. "I have nowhere to go, and Peter will starve—and he wants to be a painter so much!"

"Who is Peter?" asked the cardinal.

"He is a boy from Cortona, who boards with me, and he drew those pictures on the wall, and he will die if he cannot be a painter."

"Where is he now?" demanded the cardinal.

"He is out, wandering about the streets to find something to draw. He goes out every day and comes back at night."

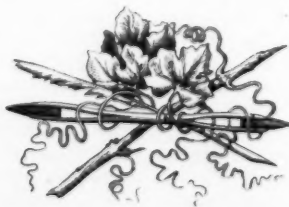
"When he returns to-night, Thomas, bring him to me," said the cardinal. "Such genius as that should not be allowed to live in a garret."

But, strange to say, that night Peter did not come back to his boarding-house. One week, two weeks went by, and still nothing was heard of him. At the end of that time, the cardinal caused a search for him to be instituted, and at last they found him in a convent. It seems he had fallen deeply in love with one of Raphael's pictures which was exhibited there. He had asked permission of the monks to copy it, and they, charmed with his youth and great talent, had readily consented, and had lodged and nourished him all the time.

Thanks to the interest the cardinal took in him, Peter was admitted to the best school for painting in Florence. As for Thomas, he was given a post near the cardinal's person, and had masters to instruct him in all the learning of the day.

Fifty years later, two old men lived together in one of the most beautiful houses in Florence. One of them was called Peter of Cortona, and people said of him, "He is the greatest painter of our time." The other was called Thomas, and all they said of him was, "Happy is the man who has him for a friend!"

And he was the boy who took a boarder.



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FAST FRIENDS.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Author of the "Jack Hazard" Stories.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MRS. LIBBY IS "MUCH OBLEEGED."

GEORGE reached home at dinner-time; when, meeting Jack, he told him briefly of his encounter with De Waldo, and of the job he had undertaken.

"Don't put it into my biography, if you live to write it!" said he, laughing and blushing. "I was never more ashamed of anything; and my conscience troubles me a little. I'm sure the professor is a humbug, and am I not aiding and abetting him?"

"But it's a big price, and I don't know what we should do without the money. I say, secure that, humbug or no humbug!" replied Jack, gaily. And so our boys did as men are too prone to do, letting the loud voice of necessity overwhelm the delicate sense of right and wrong.

George would have been disgusted with his task, but for the fun he got out of it. He drew on his wit for his inspiration, and laughed well over the ludicrous extravagance of phrase in which he indulged, and which he believed would suit the professor. At five o'clock his hand-bill was written, and neatly copied; and, in high spirits, he set out to get his pay for it.

He found Master Felix standing in the door of the shabby-genteel house, looking melancholy, there being no doves to shoot peas at,—or it may be the professor had confiscated his gun, and destroyed his ammunition.

"He has got a caller," said the boy. "He can't see anyone just yet."

"Tell him I have brought the document," replied George.

Master Felix went up to the room, and presently returned with a polite message. Professor De Waldo was engaged, but he would like to have the young gentleman leave the paper for him to examine, and call again in half-an-hour, to which George consented.

He walked the street till the half-hour had expired, and then returned to Master Felix, who informed him that the professor had gone out.

George was somewhat disturbed by this announcement; but Master Felix said coolly:

"He did n't have time to read your paper, but he said if you came again before he got back, he

would send the money around to you this evening."

"I want the money before I leave," said George, firmly. "I'll go up to his room and wait."

"You can't get in," replied Master Felix, with a grin. "He has locked the door and taken away the key."

"Then I'll wait here."

"You can, if you like; but I'm going to get my supper."

And Master Felix sauntered away.

George waited, growing more and more anxious as the time passed, and the professor did not appear. At length, tired and hungry, he determined to go home to his supper, and return for his money afterwards.

"I'll lay siege to that door," he said to Jack, "and I won't leave it without taking one of three things,—the money, or the manuscript, or the professor's life!"

Though this was said laughingly, he was quite in earnest with regard to the first two articles named; and he kept his word.

Arrived at the house in Murray street, he found the door closed, and the night-latch down. But our young poet from the rural districts had by this time learned the use of a door-bell; and he put that knowledge and the muscles of his right arm into so vigorous use on this occasion, that he soon brought Master Felix to the door.

The mesmeric subject was looking pale and wild, as if expecting some one whom he had come unwillingly to admit; and the sight of George, flushed and resolute, did not seem to soothe his troubled mind.

Almost before the visitor had time to ask for the professor, Master Felix pushed out a folded sheet of foolscap through the half-opened door.

"He told me to tell you he don't want it."

"Don't want the hand-bill I have written for him!" cried George, astonished.

"He don't like it," said Master Felix, still holding out the manuscript. "And he says he did n't expect to pay for it unless it suited him."

"Where is he?" demanded George, pushing into the entry, as he seized the manuscript.

"I don't know," said the frightened Master Felix. "He came home, and went off again."

George mounted the dimly-lighted stairs, tried

the professor's door, and found it locked. Then, as there seemed to be nothing else he could do, he put the manuscript into his pocket, and went home. I am sorry to record of him that he ever in his life felt as if he would like to wreak mortal vengeance on a man; but I fear that,—of the three things aforesaid, having missed the first,—he would have much preferred the professor's life to the manuscript.

As he went up to his room, wondering what he should say to Jack, and what they would both say to Mrs. Libby, he heard voices in the attic; and there were the two persons he was thinking of, having a private talk together in his absence.

"Here he is now!" said Jack, starting eagerly to meet him.

"I am very glad he has come," said the feeble tones of Mrs. Libby; "for I don't want nothing but what is right, and I hope it's as you say about the money, though the gentleman is waiting down stairs now to know whether he can have the room or not."

"Have n't got it?" exclaimed Jack, with dismay, at the sight of his friend's face, which told the dismal story before his tongue could speak.

"It's a perfect swindle. He don't want the hand-bill, and he won't pay for it."

"Then it's all up with us!"

"How so?" said George, casting anxious looks at the landlady.

"If we can't pay, we must give place to somebody who can," replied Jack.

"I've had three applications for the room this afternoon," said Mrs. Libby; "and one of 'em is in the parlor now, waiting, with his three dollars in his pocket,—for it's three dollars to one person, four for two, and very cheap at that,—and I have my rent and butchers' and bakers' bills to pay, and how can I give lodgings and breakfasts and dinners, without my boarders pays up?"

"We'll pay you, of course," said George. "We are sure of some money next week. Besides, here are our trunks."

"Your room-mate has told me all that, and I don't doubt your good intentions, and I must say, two more quiet and well-behaved young persons I never had in my house, and it's nothing I have agin you, but boarders, somehow, never does have the money they promise, if they don't have it when it's due, and I've been made to suffer so many times when I've let a bill run, and trunks is no great satisfaction, I've found that out, to my sorrow, and I'm worried to death as it is, to make both ends meet; and a husband that don't do what a husband should, though I do say it; and I assure you, young men, it goes to my heart to have to ask you to vacate, for if I had the money I would

never turn the poorest wretch in the world out of doors!"

And tears of distress actually ran down the good woman's cheeks.

"She is right," said Jack. "Come on, George! Pack your trunk. I'll have my things ready to move out in five minutes."

"But where shall we go?"

"No matter now. We shall have time enough to think about that, by-and-by."

And Jack proceeded with cheerful alacrity to pack up, while George stood by, quite bewildered.

"I am sure I shall be ever so much obliged to you," said the landlady, wiping her eyes. "And if you do git your money, and want to come back, and there is a vacant room in the house, there's nobody I'd sooner see enter my doors and set at my table, and you know it aint my will, but my necessity."

And she went to close the bargain with the three dollars waiting in her parlor.

George now having by degrees come to his senses, he began—though in a dazed and stupid way—to pack his trunk.

"Going to leave?" said a pleasant voice at the door.

"We are," replied Jack, coldly; for it was Mr. Manton who spoke.

"Too bad!" said that gentleman, politely.

"Anything I can do for you?"

"Yes! lend us four dollars!" cried George. "Or, at least, pay us the half-dollar you borrowed of us the other night. We're turned into the street, and have n't a cent to pay for a night's lodging."

"Sorry I can't oblige you. I shall have some money next week, but I'm hard up just now. I'll see Mrs. Libby, though, and get her to trust you on my account."

"Don't trouble yourself; you are too kind—you've been too kind to us from the first!" said Jack, with bitter sarcasm, raising his voice, as Mr. Manton retired.

The trunk and valise were soon packed, and taken down the stairs, up which they had been so hopefully carried the Saturday night before; then lugged out into the street, and set down upon the sidewalk.

"Well! now what?" said Jack, wiping his forehead.

"I don't know!" replied George, with a long breath. "It has all happened so quickly that it has quite taken my wits away. I must stop and think."

And the two houseless and penniless lads sat down on the trunk to rest, and talk over the situation.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A VISIT TO THE PAWNBROKER'S.

"WE might have pawned some of my things, and got money to pay another week in advance," said George. "Why didn't you speak of it?"

Jack had not spoken of it, because they were George's things, and not his own. But he said:

"We can do better than that. I've had my eye on two or three rooms to let, and I inquired the rent of one, only this afternoon, not knowing what might happen. It's only a dollar and a-half a week; and nothing was said about pay in advance."

"Just for the room?" said George. "But we must have something to eat!"

"Yes; but don't you see? If we have a place to sleep, then we can regulate our diet according to our means. If we have only sixpence a day, we can buy a loaf of bread, and live on that. At all events, we sha' n't have to pay our board in advance; and that's the great difficulty just now."

"You're right, Jack,—as you always are in these practical matters. Where's the room you inquired about?"

"Just around here, in Reade street, over the wine store. Stay with the things, and I'll go and see if I can engage it,—if you say so."

"Of course, I say so!" cried George, greatly relieved and encouraged. And he added, gratefully, "Jack! what should I do without you?"

"If it had n't been for me, you would n't have had your pocket picked, in the first place," said Jack, who could never forget that he was the first to spring to the support of the man who had robbed them.

"But that was nothing you were to blame for," George replied, as he always did to remarks of this nature; for, since their quarrel, these fast friends in discussing their good or evil fortune, generously vied with each other in disclaiming the credit for it, or in assuming the blame.

Jack was gone about fifteen minutes, and returned, out of breath with haste, but with a gay countenance.

"The room was a dollar and a-half for one—two dollars for two, but I beat 'em down to a dollar and seventy-five cents; and we can move right in!"

"Anything said about pay in advance?" George asked.

"Not a word! And I don't believe there will be, when we take possession. Catch hold here!"

"What a fellow you are!" laughed George, admiringly. "Oh! but you must let me carry the valise, with my end of the trunk!"

"Wait till my arms get tired, then you shall

have a chance," replied Jack. And away they went to their new lodgings in Reade street.

It was even a better room than that which they had just vacated, and it contained two chairs instead of one.

"This is what I call a good thing!" exclaimed George, looking about him, after they had fairly taken possession. "This stand will do for my writing table; and here's a good place for it in the niche between the chimney and the window. Farewell, Mrs. Libby! Fare-thee-well, and if forever, still forever fare-thee-well; though you're very good and clever, we must leave you for a spell!" he cried gaily, parodying his favorite, Byron. "What are you thinking, Jack?"

"What an amusing fellow you are!" Jack replied, sitting astride a chair, leaning his arms on the back.

"You don't look much amused at my nonsense. I believe you're thinking about to-morrow; Sunday, you know."

Jack nodded; and, opening his mouth, tossed his finger at the cavity, with a droll look and gesture.

"Something to eat?" said George. "I wish now I had saved Fitz Dingle's shilling, which I paid out for writing-paper; we might have worried through the day on that. But here are my books; I can spare these better than anything else; and we'll pawn one or two, for enough to live on till our ships come in." And he opened his trunk.

"Try one first," said Jack. "Which shall it be?"

The most valuable books for their purpose were the poetical works of Byron, Scott and Burns, each complete in a large volume; and both boys thought it should be one of these.

"Byron is the fellow!" said George; but, after a moment's reflection, "I don't know, though! I don't see how I can spare him, he's so good to take up now and then." And he began to read or recite favorite passages, as he turned the leaves. "No, I'll keep Byron, and let Burns pay a visit to the pawnbroker. But how good this is!" He had chanced upon "Tam O'Shanter," of which he read a few lines with great spirit, which, to Jack's mind, more than made up for his bad pronunciation of the Scotch.

So he laid Burns aside with Byron, and declared that Scott should be the martyr. But then, Scott! so robust, so picturesque! how could he sacrifice him? The third precious volume was therefore placed with the other two; and now the matter of choice was to be entirely reconsidered.

"Pshaw!" said George, impatiently. "You choose for me. Here, I'll place the books in a row on the table, and blind your eyes, and lead you up

to them, and let you touch one; and that shall decide it.

So Jack, with a handkerchief over his eyes, stood before the row of books, and stretched forth his hand, while George held his breath with suspense. The lot fell upon Byron; and in five minutes the noble poet was on his way to the nearest pawnbroker's shop, in company with our two boys.

They entered under the sign of the three gilt balls, and found themselves in a narrow shop, with a bare wall on one side, and a counter on the other, over which was stretched a coarse wire screen. The wall on that side was lined to the top with shelves, divided off into large-sized pigeon-holes,

should n't be troubled with any conscience in the matter."

"These men are not troubled with much," Jack replied. "Hear how calm and business-like his tones are!"

"Jack," said George, with a shudder, "do you think we shall have to pay many visits to the sign of the three golden balls?"

"It is n't likely; though when people begin to come here," said Jack, "I suppose it's a good deal like rolling down hill,—the farther they go, the faster, and the harder to stop. But come! it's our turn now."

The woman, draped all in black, passed them



THE PAWNBROKER'S SHOP.

which (as the boys could see through the wire screen) were stuffed full of all sorts of curious articles and odd-shaped bundles. At the end of the screen was a sort of sentry-box, with a hole in the back part, over the counter, where modest customers, one at a time, could transact their delicate business with the proprietor, unobserved.

There was a woman in the box at the time; and as the boys awaited their turn, they could hear her low tones of entreaty, interrupted by sobs.

"This must be a dreadful business!" murmured George; "to live upon other people's distress! I'd rather be a beast of prey, outright; for then I

quickly and silently as a ghost, except that a low sob, stifled by her close veil, was heard as she went out.

"A poor widow, pawning something dear to her, perhaps her dead husband's watch, or her wedding-ring," whispered George, his own voice choking with emotion, as they took her place in the box.

A shriveled little old man, with a large nose, and large black eyes, which looked strangely black and bright under his white hair and white eyebrows, received the book, glanced at it sharply as he turned the leaves, and laying it back on the

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counter with a discontented air, said, briefly, "Two shillings."

"Two shillings!" echoed George, crowding into the box behind his friend. "Why, it cost two dollars!"

"Two shillings is all I can advance on dat," said the man, with a strong foreign accent, and in the same low, firm, business-like tones which had answered the woman's entreaties. "It will pring no more as dat, if sold at auction."

"Sold at auction!" again echoed George. "We shall redeem it in a few days."

"I do not know dat. I take no reesk. Two shillings," was the cold, dry response.

Jack thereupon soothed his indignant friend by saying that they could live on that sum for a day or two; and that the less money they borrowed, the less interest they would have to pay when they should come to redeem the article pledged. After some further consultation, the book was left in exchange for a silver quarter-of-a-dollar (two York shillings), and a pawnbroker's ticket, duly numbered; and the boys gave place to a shabby old man, who entered the box with a rolled-up bed-quilt in his arms.

On their way home they stopped at a grocery, and invested eighteen cents of their money in a small loaf of bread, a pound of crackers, and a piece of cheese. When they finally reached their room, they were in the best of spirits. The very novelty of this way of life had an attraction for them; and they felt now as if they could meet, with heroic cheerfulness, any sort of hardship or privation, as long as they remained together.

The next day they breakfasted, dined, and supped off their humble fare, and found it sweet. They were a little averse, however, to letting their neighbors in the house know how they were obliged to economize their means; and so, at the regular hours for meals, they went out and took long walks, returning after a lapse of time which might have allowed of a very sumptuous repast at a public table or the house of a friend. Both boys naturally despised pretence, and they made a good deal of fun of this weakness in themselves; George proposing, with humorous gravity, that they should add a finishing stroke to the innocent little humbug, by picking their teeth, after dinner, on the steps of the Astor House.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE END OF AN AIR CASTLE.

THE next day was Monday; and in the evening Jack was to make his first appearance before a New York audience, at Bowery Hall. He was to have but little to say or sing; but he was expected to make a lively sensation by coming out as *Miss*

Dinah, a colored young lady, and dancing, first alone, and afterwards with Goffer; "a tip-top idea, sure to take with an appreciative public," in the words of the sagacious Fitz Dingle.

The novelty of the new enterprise, and the prospect of earning some money, inspired Jack; and he set off, full of hope, accompanied by his friend, to attend the forenoon rehearsal.

George had that morning finished a little dialogue, in which Jack, as a young lady, and Goffer, as a beau (both colored, of course), were to have the principal parts, and perform some choice dances; he was now to submit his work to the judgment of Fitz Dingle, and, as he fondly hoped, receive a small advance of money for it.

The friends reached Bowery Hall at the usual hour, and were surprised to find the door closed, and several of their "artist" friends waiting for it to open. Some of them appeared much excited; and when Jack asked what was the matter, Bones, with a grimly significant look, pointed at the play-bill posted beside the main entrance. It was the old bill, advertising the last week's performance, instead of a new bill, in which Jack's appearance as *Miss Dinah* should have been announced.

Jack turned pale; for, although he had already, impelled by a natural curiosity, looked for this interesting announcement, and noticed that the Bowery Hall posters had not been changed, the circumstance did not, until this moment, strike him as anything ominous of evil. But now, interpreted by the dismal irony of Bones's smile, it became alarming.

"Where's Fitz Dingle?"

"That's the question!" said Bones, curtly; and he commenced walking to and fro in the street, with his head down, and those wonderful hands of his thrust deep into his pockets.

"Is he sick?" George asked, appealing to Dandy Jim.

"Who? Lucius Fitz Dingle? Not very!"

"Then what is the matter?"

"Broke, I reckon," said Dandy Jim, with a reckless laugh. "Fitz Dingle is a man of genius, of vast resources,—at least, in his own opinion; and he has certainly had some of the best artists in his troupe, in the whole country; no lack of patronage on the part of the public, either; but here you see the result. Bad management."

"Worse than that," said the dignified Mr. Jones, coming up. "Gambling! Fitz Dingle has made two or three small fortunes in the show business, and lost 'em at roulette and faro. Our pay for the past week is due every Monday morning, when we came to rehearsal; he owes every man in the troupe a week's wages, and all his other bills are in arrears. So I think he has cut stick. Goffer and one or two

others have gone to find him; but they won't succeed."

An aguish feeling of despair came over George, as he listened to this explanation; and he cast anxious glances at Jack, who was looking pale but calm.

"It throws every man of us out of employment, if he don't appear and pay up," muttered Bones, as he strode past. "There comes Goffer!"

It was indeed the long-limbed dancer, who appeared without Fitz Dingle, and with an open letter in his hand. He also brought a key in his pocket, with which he let the crowd into the hall. Then he showed the letter.

It was from the great Lucius, to the members of his troupe. In it he announced the painful necessity of his temporary withdrawal from public notice, and concluded in this eloquent strain, which Goffer read aloud with groans, and which was heard with gnashings of teeth:

Yet think not that I go without hope: for wherever fate may lead me, whether on the bounding billow or the desert sands, or in the flowery pastures of a new prosperity, I shall be actuated by a noble ambition to meet you again, at no distant date, when all arrears will be settled, and a new troupe organized, on a scale of unparalleled elegance and magnificence, which shall eclipse the glory of all former efforts, and restore the fame and fortunes of—Yours till death,

L. FITZ DINGLE.

"I can fancy how his bad eye shut and peeled open when he wrote that!" said Dandy Jim, while his companions indulged in remarks far more damaging to the late proprietor's eyes and reputation.

Each seemed to think only of his own private loss and disappointment: and it must be confessed that George and Jack took about as selfish views of the matter as any of the rest. It did not seem to them that the Bowery Hall bankruptcy could prove half so crushing to anybody else's hopes and fortunes as to their own; yet to their credit it must be said that each thought first of the other's disappointment, and that it was in trying to cheer each other that they cheered themselves.

"Never mind for me!" cried Jack, bravely, as they walked away from the hall. "This shows me that I am not to get a living with my heels, as a colored minstrel. If I had fairly begun, and succeeded, I might, perhaps, have never been able to quit the business; and, from what I know of it, I say deliver me from following such a profession! Though I *should* have liked to dance *Miss Dinah* this evening, just to see how it would seem."

"You are made for something better,—I knew it all the while," said George. "And something better will come now,—it *must* come, you know!"

"And you can do better than writing those nonsensical dialogues, George! They're not worthy of your genius. Go in now for the magazines and

first-class papers; that's what I see for you. Meanwhile, I'll look for something else. We've already found how little we can live on, and be jolly."

"Byron's about gone said George, ruefully, taking two cents from his pocket. "There's all that's left of him. We shall have to eat Scott for dinner; and I feel as if I should like a pretty good meal."

"Come on!" cried Jack, "let's be extravagant for once."

George consented. Their extravagance consisted in devouring the poetical works of the great Sir Walter at a single meal; taking them in the shape of two smoking dishes of veal pie, at a popular eating-house. Their appetites were excellent, and they grew quite hilarious over the repast, laughing defiance at fortune. George even showed a tendency to break forth in singing as they left the table, but he checked himself, laying his hand on his stomach, and saying that it was the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" which inspired him.

To atone for this extravagance, the boys ate no supper that night.

The next day they began upon Burns; but they made him go farther, by selling him outright at a second-hand book-stall, for half-a-dollar.

They lived upon Burns a little over two days. Then some old school-books of George's, a very ancient edition of Virgil, with a literal translation, the "Vicar of Wakefield," and one or two of Cooper's novels, found their way to the book-stalls, and helped our heroes to a scanty subsistence.

To pay their rent they were obliged to begin upon their clothes.

As they had had none washed since leaving home, their under garments were hardly in a fit condition to appear before the sharp-eyed old pawnbroker; and Jack insisted on sacrificing first an extra coat which he had brought with him. A pair of trousers belonging to George soon followed that; then went Jack's knife, George's razor (he was beginning to shave), and, alas! his flute. This had cost three dollars and a-half, and it produced, at the pawnbroker's, a loan of seventy cents.

Meanwhile, Jack divided his time between seeking employment, doing such little jobs as came in his way, for any paltry sums he could get, and running to the pawnbroker's and baker's. For the original business which had brought him to town, he had less and less time and heart. All the fun to be got out of this course of life had soon worn off, and, though they kept their spirits up as well as they could, anxiety and privation were beginning to have their effect upon both body and mind.

George all this time stayed at home, while Jack did their errands; toiling at his little writing-table

in the niche, finishing "Jacob Price, the Pioneer," for Mr. Upton (who liked the first chapters); and, at Jack's suggestion, writing such short articles as he hoped to sell for cash to one or two weekly papers.

"Why don't you try the dailies?" said Jack, one evening, after bringing home to him two rejected manuscripts.

"O, I can't write for the dailies," said George, despondently; and if they had not been sitting in the dark, to save the expense of candles, Jack might have seen how very worn and haggard his friend's face looked.

"Yes, you can. I'll give you a subject. Take that ship-load of Dutch emigrants we saw landing the first Sunday we were in town. Describe the strange appearance of the passengers, their wooden shoes, the women in their short petticoats, and the men in their bags of trowsers. Then draw on your fancy a little,—the homes and friends they have left behind, the long sea-voyage, the new land they've come to, the home they'll find in the West;—though they look strange to us, we look quite as strange to them; this is a great country;—and all that sort of thing. You know how to do it!" cried Jack, encouragingly.

George's mind kindled at these suggestions, and he would have sat up till midnight writing the article, if they had not been out of candles. As it was, he lay awake long after they went to bed, thinking what he would write, and rose at day-break the next morning to begin "A Scene at the Wharves," Jack having agreed to take the sketch, as soon as completed, to an editor with whom he had become slightly acquainted, in examining the files of one of the old daily newspapers.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE PROFESSOR'S HAND-BILL.

MEANWHILE George had got two more short sketches accepted by *Upton's Magazine*, and obtained a small advance of money on them. But, frugally as they were living, this was soon gone; and, while waiting to hear from "A Scene at the Wharves" (which it took the editor several days to examine), the boys were reduced to what they would have believed the last extremity, if they had not, in their ignorance, thought they had reached that point two or three times before. Now there seemed to be no end to what they might have to endure.

It was one Saturday afternoon, when, in the early twilight, the boys sat in their room and talked.

"I've at last written to Vinnie for her money," said George. "There's the letter; I have n't sent

it yet. I've put off asking her for it as long as I could; but it's no use. I'm getting sick."

"George," said Jack, in a low, anxious voice, "you have n't seemed well lately."

"I'm worn out—mind and body," George confessed. "I thought I could finish 'Jacob Price' to-day; but the thing spins out fearfully; and, really, I had n't the strength to write. I'll rest to-morrow, and on Monday take a fresh start. Mr. Upton ought to advance me twenty dollars on 'Jacob.' I wish there was any way to avoid sending that letter to Vinnie! Think of my taking money of her!" And George, in his weak state, actually shed tears.

"You need n't send it," replied Jack, cheerily. "I'll write to Mr. Chatford; he will send me something, I know,—enough for our present needs, and to pay my passage home."

George knew something of the humiliation it would be to the proud and headstrong Jack to write such a letter; but his own trouble now made him almost forget his friend's.

"Jack, I can't bear to have you leave me! Hard as this trial has been, I have felt almost thankful for it, because it has brought us so near together, and your friendship has been so precious to me. Why, when you are away, you don't know how I anticipate your coming home, or how much happiness just your sitting down in the room brings to me in my worst troubles!"

Jack tried to speak, in answer to this touching confession, but something very much like a sob checked his voice, and, for a moment, he winked hard, and silently passed his sleeve across his eyes.

"George," said he, after awhile, in tones thick with the feeling he was trying to control, "I won't leave you till I see you fairly on your legs,—I promise you that. We'll make a raid on 'Jacob Price' next week; and I shall hear from 'A Scene on the Wharves' on Monday; I have great hopes of that, and what it will lead to, for the daily papers can give you regular employment. But you must n't work so hard, whatever happens."

"I find that I must n't," replied George, with a weary sigh. "I shall take things easier after this."

"Yes," added Jack, "and I think we can economize a little more."

"How is that possible, unless we learn to live without eating altogether?"

"Not in the matter of diet; we have been—that is to say, *you*, George, have been—rather too severely starved already. The brain-work you do requires a nice, nourishing diet, which you must have, if it can be got. But a dollar and seventy-five cents a week for our room! that is really extravagant, just now. We ought to get a lodging for half that."

"Do you suppose we shall be pushed for our rent to-night?" asked George.

"If we are," laughed his friend, "there's only one thing to be done. It's our last resort."

"What's that?"

"Why, as we have nothing else to pawn but the clothes on our backs, you shall go to bed,—pretending to be sick, you know,—while I put on your clothes, and take my own to the pawnbroker's. Don't you think you could do your writing in bed?"

"Perhaps; or sitting up with the bed-clothes wrapped about me, and the door locked."

"Then when you get tired of the confinement," Jack continued, "I can be sick, and you can put on the clothes and go out. I think we could make one suit do for both of us; don't you? We'll keep yours, because it's a sort of medium fit for both of us, while you could n't wear mine at all." And, as if this proposition were made more than half in earnest, he began to empty his pockets.

"What's that paper?" George asked, as his friend stopped to read something.

Jack burst into a laugh, as he stood up by the window, in order to get a good light on the paper.

"It's an advertisement, which a little ragged boy stuffed into my hand as I was coming up Broadway a day or two ago. I did n't look at it; I had forgotten all about it."

And Jack began to read aloud:

EXTRAORDINARY DEVELOPMENTS!

A NEW SCIENCE!

WONDERS OF BIOLOGY AND MESMERISM!!!

SEANCES WITH PROFESSOR DE WALDO

AND THE CELEBRATED MASTER FELIX!!!

THE MOST ASTONISHING DISCOVERIES OF THE AGE!!!

Professor De Waldo has the honor to announce that, having recently returned from Europe, where he has been for some time pursuing his Biological studies, and making Startling Discoveries in the New Science, —

"Why, that's my hand-bill! the very words I wrote for him!" cried George, springing to his feet. "Where's the manuscript? You'll see!"

"Word for word!" exclaimed Jack, when the manuscript was found, and compared with the printed hand-bill. "What a rascal your Professor De Waldo must be!"

"The meanest sort of swindler!" George declared, excitedly. "He took my manuscript, pretending to examine it; and then, when I went home to supper, believing he had gone out, he was

in reality copying it. Then think of that despicable Master Felix, thrusting it into my face when I went back, and telling me the professor did n't want it!"

"I say, George!" replied Jack, "let's make trouble for this Professor De Waldo! I'll go right around to his place with you now, and help you get your money. Let him know he has a couple of desperate fellows to deal with, and that the best thing for him to do is to pay up."

"O, Jack! I wish I had your strength and your pluck! But, really, I am too sick to-night."

"Then I'll go alone. Here! give me the manuscript! I'll put that and the printed hand-bill into your professor's face, and come to some sort of a settlement with him. Take care of yourself till I come back. If you are called on for the rent, say I have gone for the money."

And Jack, full of wrath and resolution, set off to pay Professor De Waldo a visit.

CHAPTER XXX.

A MUTUAL SURPRISE.

It so chanced that, while the boys were holding this conversation, the Professor of Biological Science was thinking of supper; and that he went out, leaving the room in Murray street in charge of Master Felix, about the time Jack was taking rapid steps down his lodging-house stairs.

De Waldo's last words to his wonderful pupil were a command not to leave the house for a moment during his absence, but to remain and wait for customers, and keep them until his return.

The boy was permitted, however, to go down stairs and stand in the street door; where he had scarcely watched De Waldo out of sight, when he discovered that his blow-pipe was out of ammunition. It was but a few rods to the usual source of supply; and Master Felix, making sure that no customer was at that moment coming to the house, started to run up the street.

After running a block or two, he began to walk. Close by was a large grocery, by the open door of which, among other objects for sale, was an open box of peas. Looking straight before him, like a young man bent on important business in a distant quarter of the city, the young gentleman passed the box, and, without turning his head, or making a motion of his body, dashed in his open hand, and brought it out clinched.

He was walking on, with an innocent air, as if unconscious of anything in the world but the urgent business that absorbed him, when a man slipped out of the door, darted along the sidewalk, and seized the swinging arm, with the guilty hand still clutching the stolen peas.

The peas were scattered over the pavement in an instant, and Master Felix made a violent struggle to free himself, but the strength of his captor was too much for him. Finding himself fairly caught, he changed his tactics.

"Come! what do you want of me? What have I done?" he exclaimed, with the air of an injured angel.

"Just come with me; and as soon as I get a policeman, you'll find out."

"Just had a dozen peas in my hand! I did n't know I had 'em, I'm so absent-minded! Ask the professor!"

"You're absent-minded every time you pass our place," replied the man. "I've watched you. You go by two or three times a-day, and put your hand into something every time. I don't believe in that kind of absence of mind!"

"I'm a mesmeric subject," pleaded Master Felix. "Take me to the professor—he'll tell you all about it. I don't know half the time what I do."

"I'll teach you to know, when you pass our place!" And poor Master Felix, in spite of his wailing and entreating, was dragged into the store.

Thus it happened that when Jack reached the professor's room, he found nobody to guard it. The street door being open, he mounted the stairs; and, having knocked at the door of the "saloon" in the rear, up one flight (according to the directions in the hand-bill), and got no response, he opened, and entered.

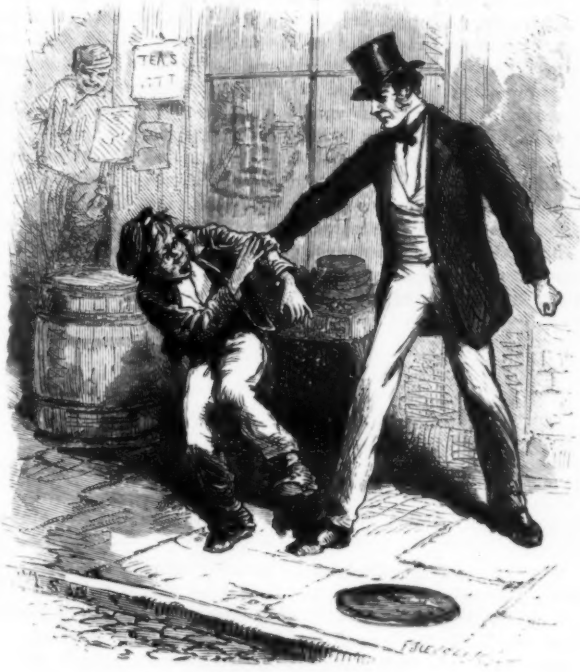
A dismal lamp was burning on a desk in the farthest corner, by the dim light of which the chamber looked so little like a "saloon" that Jack at first thought he had got into the wrong place. But seeing a pile of the professor's hand-bills lying beside the lamp, and more scattered on a table in the centre of the room, he concluded that the "saloon" was a part of the humbug, and sat down on the sofa beside the door, to wait.

"Somebody must be coming soon, or the place would n't be left in this way," thought he. And, being somewhat fatigued, he stretched himself at length, in order to be rested and strong for action by the time the professor arrived.

Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes elapsed. The lamp

burned more and more dimly, and seemed ready to go out. Jack would have grown impatient, if he had n't been so tired; as it was, he had almost fallen asleep, when a step on the landing and a hand on the door aroused him, and he started up just as a man entered the room.

"That you, my boy? Almost in the dark!" cried a voice, which sounded strangely familiar to Jack's ear. "You did n't fill the lamp to-day! What did I tell you, if you forgot it agin?" And a rapid hand made a plunge at Jack's hair.



MASTER FELIX IS CAUGHT.

Jack dodged, and parried the thrust with his arm. He did not move from the sofa, but, in his astonishment, sat crouched at the end of it, while the man passed on.

"I'll excuse you this once; you've done so wonderful to-day. Don't you see how complete it works? I put you into the magnetic state for a customer, and we git his half-a-dollar, any way. Then, if he's sick, you prescribe my medicine, and we git a dollar more. We're in clover. This is better 'n the 'Lectrical 'Lixir. I told ye, when that bust up, jest how it would be. Think of your developin' into a mesmeric subject; the celebrated

Master Felix! ha, ha! Here's your supper,—a nice leg of cold chicken, and some brown bread I slipped off the plate at the eatin'-house, and brought away in my pocket-handkerchief. Thought I might as well save it; you see, I remembered my dear boy!"

The professor spread the handkerchief open on the table, and turned to pick up the wick of the expiring lamp.

"The laws of biological science is so curi's!" he rattled on, while Jack never stirred from his corner. "I put you into the state,—and everybody can see 't you're in a abnormal condition,—and you show, by tellin' things, that you're a kind of clair-voyant; and yet I can make ye see and say anything I please. I tried it to day when the old woman was here, that wanted to find out, through you, who stole her silver comb. You described the young woman that had her comb, though she could n't decide what young woman it was; then I willed you to tell her she would die of a dropsy within a year, if she did n't take some medicine. She bought *my* medicine, of course. 'T was a beautiful experiment. Aint this better 'n makin' a slave of yourself on a farm, Master Felix? But why don't you eat your supper?"

(To be continued.)

Jack, now quite recovered from his first surprise, took a chair at the table and rested his arms upon the leaf, while he watched the professor. He was hungry enough to act out the part of Master Felix admirably, by eating the supper, had it not been for a certain foolish prejudice against the De Waldo handkerchief.

The professor, finding that the lamp burned pretty well after the wick was picked up, placed it on the table, and, seating himself opposite Jack, took from his pocket a loose handful of bank notes, which he began to spread out before him.

"Ah, look at that pile!" said he, merrily "Aint that good for sore eyes, my boy! But why don't you —"

At this moment, the boy's strange attitude appearing to attract his attention, he glanced across the table. Their eyes met, in the full light of the lamp.

The professor shrank back.

"Y—y—you!" he gasped out. "J—Jack Hazard!"

"Good-natered John Wilkins!" said Jack, without moving from his place, still resting his arms on the table, while he looked steadily at the professor.

SOME MISSIONARY INSECTS.

BY MARY B. C. SLADE.

I HAVE lately heard about some distinguished insects—traveled bugs, they are—which have taken a long journey from the State of Missouri, across land and ocean to France, and by rail to Paris, where they were enthusiastically received—so the story goes—by the *savants* at the French Academy of Sciences.

A supply of their favorite food was kept in the huge chip-boxes in which they went, and through the long journey they were attended, with anxious care, by M. Planchon, a distinguished French naturalist. I think we will call these important little bugs, American Missionaries to France. Do you ask why? I will tell you:

Recall to mind all you have heard and read of sunny, Southern, vine-clad France; its lovely vineyards that cover the country for miles and miles, beautifying the valleys, stretching up the fair hill-sides and mountain slopes, perfuming the air, in blossoming time, with the rarest fragrance th-

winds ever wafted, and filling it, later on, with the rich odor of the ripened clusters.

The vineyards, blossoms, clusters, are beautiful, lovely, delicious; but that is not all. What the cotton crop is to our South, or the wheat crop to our West, the vine crop is to the grape-growing portions of France; when that fails, the resources of the people have failed. Vintagers who, with a good year, may become rich and prosperous, are ruined when a bad year comes; and there have been several bad years. There were two years when the graceful leaves of the vine turned sickly yellow, and were covered with an ugly growth of red and white bunches, when the tender green buds never bloomed, but died without one breath of fragrance, when whole districts of vineyards were ruined and their owners impoverished. But, you ask, why was not something done to prevent this? That is just what the best vine-growers, and the wisest French chemists (and there are none

wiser anywhere), have been trying to do. They applied all manner of disinfectants, and used every remedy they could think of; but their efforts were all in vain.

The disease is caused by an exceedingly minute insect with a very long name, the *Phylloxera vitifoliae*, the term *Phylloxera* meaning, very appropriately, "withered leaf."

It is somewhat like the little green *aphis* that infests your house plants. It lives upon the sap of the tender vine, multiplies so rapidly, and feeds so ravenously, that within a few years it has as utterly ruined thousands of acres of French vineyards, as though a fire had swept over them. There comes a time when the insects assume a winged form, and millions of them are then wafted in perfect clouds, from vineyard to vineyard, and wherever they settle, the "withered leaf" of the stricken vine tells that the *Phylloxera* has been there.

This is the cause, this the disease, and now I will tell you of the cure.

When the chemists had failed, and the vine-growers were in despair, M. Planchon, the French naturalist, said that he had something to suggest, as the *Phylloxera* was imported from America (this being a fact pretty well established).

"Now," said M. Planchon, "we learn that in America, at the worst, it is never very harmful;

there must evidently, then, be some other insect that preys upon and keeps this one down."

So the French Minister of Agriculture sent M. Planchon to America to learn all he could about this conqueror of the *Phylloxera*.

Professor Planchon reached America last August. He visited the vineyards of the Eastern States, of Missouri, and North Carolina.

He found the *Phylloxera* at its work of mischief, and you may try to imagine his joy when he detected also its natural enemy, the *Acarus*, a species of plant-lion, feeding upon the *Phylloxera* quite as voraciously as that feeds upon the sap; hunting it down, chasing it from leaf to leaf, dragging it from its hiding places, each little *Acarus* "doing his level best" to eat as many of the *Phylloxera* as possible.

And so M. Planchon, well paid for his long journey, joyfully collected great numbers of this useful little bug, and accompanied them, as I have told you, to their enthusiastic reception at the Academy of Sciences.

The last I heard of them, they were doing a driving business, in genuine Yankee style, in the Bordeaux vineyards.

Of all the traveling Americans who have visited France, I think the *Acarus* family have received the warmest welcome.



BIRDIES with broken wings
Hide from each other;

But babies in trouble
Can run home to mother.



IN SUMMER TIME.

BY L. G. WARNER.

LITTLE young Timothy, how he grew,
Timothy Grass of the meadow;
He grew in the rain, he grew in the wind,
In the sunshine and in the shadow.

At last he was up so very high,—
So sturdy and tall and stately,—
He looked all over the big, wide world,
And found himself pleased with it greatly.

And looking, one day,—one sweet June day,
So dreamy and soft and hazy,
He spied,—what was it so fair and bright?
A dear little happy young daisy.

How fair she was—fairer than moon or cloud!
How gentle her face and cheery!
He gazed at her fondly all day long,
And never once was he weary.

And when all the tired little meadow-flowers,
And the birds and the bees were sleeping,
And only the owl in the far-off wood
His night-watch lonely was keeping,

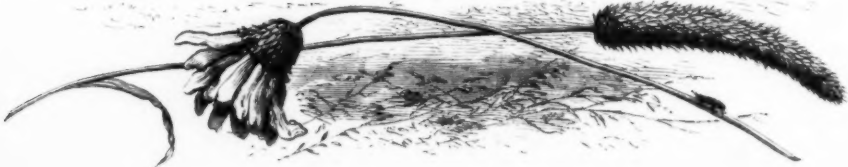
So bright she shone through the dim, still night,
In the eyes of her longing lover,
She seemed to be one of the gleaming stars,
Dropped down from the sky above her.

So Timothy wooed her his very best,
Till her heart with true love was filling;
And at last, with a shy little flutter and shake,
She answered him back, "I am willing."

So a wedding day, one bright, sweet day,
Set all the lily-bells ringing;
The breezes came floating from over the hill,
The breath of the clover bringing.

And the larks and bobolinks came, their joy
In wildest song expressing;
And the buttercups gave their rarest gold,
And the grasses waved their blessing.

And happily glided their days away
In the wonderful midsummer glory,
Till the scythe of the thoughtless mower came
To end their lives—and my story.



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A WHALEMAN'S GHOST.

BY J. H. WOODBURY.

WE were making the run from the Sandwich Islands to the north-west coast for the second season, when the incidents happened which I am now going to relate.

We had been out from Honolulu but a few days, when it was found that our oil was leaking. Every morning when we pumped ship, we pumped out oil, as well as water, enough to smooth the surface of the sea for a long distance to leeward. It looked bad to see the oil running away from us, after we had worked so hard to get it, the more so because we wanted to save every drop, that we might start for home with a full ship at the close of the season. The captain seemed more troubled about it than we who did the pumping, however, his rueful visage, as he hung over the rail watching the disappearing treasure, sometimes almost exciting our sympathy. Of course, we had all worked harder than he to get the oil, still he had a larger interest in it than all we foremast hands together. Means were soon taken to remedy the trouble, though those first tried were ineffectual. It was owing to shrinkage of the casks that the oil was escaping, and it was thought that a thorough wetting down, every day, might help the matter.

Our ship was provided with a pump on the topgallant fore-castle, called the head-pump, which drew up water from outside and forced it, by means of hose, to any part of the ship. So we began to "wet down the hold," keeping the head-pump going for an hour or two every day, till all the casks in the hold had been thoroughly drenched. Then we had all that water to pump out again, and, pumping in and pumping out, we did all the pumping we cared to do. It was a dirty job, crawling round with the hose on top of the gummy oil casks, but we all had to take our turns at it. For my own part, I never liked it much; I would much rather go behind the Falls of Niagara in the warm season than do it again. But after all, our labor was ineffectual; the casks were too bad to be cured by any such hydropathic treatment, and we had to resort to other means. The water may have kept them from getting worse, but they got no better, and when we had pumped till we were tired of it, the captain told Mr. Grant to keep all hands up and begin to "break out."

Now, it must not be supposed that the captain thought the casks would feel any better after they were broken out, as one does when he has the measles. To break them out, was simply to hoist

them on deck, in order that the hoops might be driven down, to make the casks tighter, which is called coopering. There is a great deal of hard work in breaking out and coopering at sea, and I should be sorry to help do that again, either. But it was the only way we could save our oil, and we had to endure it. For two weeks all hands were kept on deck during the day, hoisting out, driving hoops, and stowing below again.

But all troubles have an end, I hope,—at least, ours had that time, though we soon found new ones. The oil was all coopered,—at least, the casks were, but we called it coopering oil,—and we had just got the last cask under hatches again, when it came on to blow. We seemed to have been especially favored with good weather while coopering, but now old Æolus piped up, whistling through the rigging as though he were bound to have a jolly good time after waiting so long.

"Blow away, old fellow!" said Mr. Goff; "we're ready for you now!" And so we all thought we could well afford a day or two of rough weather, now that we had our oil all right again.

"Clew up the topgallant sails!" was one of the first orders given in taking in sail. And when the yards had been lowered, and the clews drawn close up beneath them, "Up, boys, and stow them lively!" was the word from Mr. Grant.

Three of the lightest hands to each topgallant sail was the usual number that went up to furl them, and with two others, one of whom was rollicking Dave Burr, from Providence, and the other a fine young fellow named Black, from Philadelphia, I sprang up the fore-rigging, and was soon on the weather fore-topgallant yard-arm. Dave was to leeward, and Black had taken the bunt. We were all in a hurry, as we always were when all the topgallant sails came in together, each doing his best to get his sail rolled up and made snug first. We were bothered a little with ours, as it got away from us once after we had it nearly rolled up, and flew out again with a crack like that of a great whip, jerking the yard in such a way that one who had never been up there before would naturally think that himself and the yard and the sail would all go on ahead of the ship together. But we went at it again, and, in a moment, had it once more gathered into the bunt, ready to roll into the yard. Black then showed his impatience by seizing the buntlines with both hands and springing upon the top of the yard, where he stood erect, that he might haul up

with better effect. It was a piece of recklessness, to be sure; though, if Dave or I had been in his place, I suppose we might have done the same. He stood square upon the yard, hauling on the sail, with nothing to steady him at all when the ship pitched forward between the seas. Up came the

"Man overboard!" was the thrilling cry that was heard as soon as we could give the alarm. The ship was at once hove to, buoys thrown overboard, and a boat lowered, although it was so rough; and every eye searched the waters for the missing man. But in vain. Poor Black had gone from our sight



"THE SHIP ROSE AND FELL IN THE SURGING SEAS."

heavy bunt, and we had it all safe, as we thought, when the ship pitched suddenly and violently, and in an instant, Black went headlong down into the sea.

He was gone, and not one in all the ship but Dave and I knew it; the forward sails had hidden him from all who were aft. I was so shocked that I almost fell from the yard myself, and neither of us could utter a word for an instant.

with the swiftness of a meteor's fall, and was seen no more.

And now the gale increased, the howling winds seeming wild with delight at what they had done, and still might do, shrieking gleefully, or moaning as if in mockery at our loss, as the ship rose and fell in the surging seas.

But the storm passed, and the sun shone bright once more, and our spirits became again buoyant.

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A few pleasant days, and poor Black was almost forgotten. So it is, and so it may well be, for we cannot live long upon sorrows.

One pleasant night, not long after this gale, we happened to be running before the wind, and as it was blowing fresh, the ship rolled quite heavily at times. It was in my watch on deck, and I was sitting on the main-hatch with the boat-steerers, Tom and Ed, who were my particular friends, when we heard something below, that caused us to listen, and to feel just a little queer. It sounded very much like a groan, coming from the hold below. We listened for a moment, without speaking; but heard nothing more.

"What was that?" said Tom.

"T was just like a groan," was Ed's response; "but who in the world can be down there?"

As if in reply, the doleful sound was again heard, following close upon Ed's words. It seemed more decided than at first, and we just got off the hatch and took two or three steps from it, then turned round and looked at it.

"If that wasn't a groan, it was mighty like one," said Tom; "but it can't be that there is anybody down there."

"It must be there *is*," said Ed. "It was a groan, sure enough."

Mr. Bosworth—the second mate, and a very matter-of-fact man—was walking on the quarter-deck, and as he came near to us, Tom spoke to him.

"There's something in the hold, sir," said Tom, without any explanation.

"I reckon I ought to know that as well as anyone," was Mr. Bosworth's reply, as he stopped in his walk and looked hard at Tom, "and I hope it will stay there now, without making us any more trouble."

"Aye, aye, sir, but there's something else; perhaps, if you sit down on the main-hatch, you'll hear it."

"Hear what?" asked Mr. Bosworth, stepping towards the hatch, and reaching it just in time to hear another of those doleful notes, fully as strong as the last.

"Hum. Who's down there?"

"That's more 'n I know, sir. If it's anybody, it must be some one from for'ard."

"Are our men all on deck?"

"I reckon they are, sir."

To make sure, however, the men were called into the waist. All who belonged to the starboard watch were there, except the man on the look-out and the one at the wheel. No doubt they all wondered at being called aft, but they understood the reason when they heard those doleful sounds coming from the hold, as they stood around the hatchway.

"Go forward, Tanner, and see if the other watch are all snug," was Mr. Bosworth's order to the oldest sea-dog amongst us; and Tanner went forward and descended into the fore-castle. It was evident that he made no haste, and Mr. Bosworth was getting a little impatient when he returned. "Who's missing?" was his prompt inquiry.

"They're all there but Black, sir. Most likely it's his ghost ye hear."

"Ghost! Ghost, is it? I'm mighty glad of that, for I've never seen one yet! Just rouse round lively now, and we'll have him. Mighty lucky he's in the hold! He can't get out without coming through the hatches, and we'll have him, sure! But just look in the steerage, first, Tom, and see if Bungs or Chips aint playing a trick on us."

Tom darted down into the steerage, but returned in a moment and said that the four men who had a right to be there were all asleep, and, moreover, Chips was snoring at such a rate that no ghost would be likely to disturb him, or come very near him; and Tom said it would n't be strange if what we heard was an echo to Chip's snore, after all.

Notwithstanding Mr. Bosworth's confident manner, he hesitated a little what to do, seeming half inclined, I thought, to call the captain. We all knew that Tanner was a firm believer in ghosts, and probably the greater part of the crew were inclined to the same belief. I had heard Tom relate some interesting ghost stories, in such a way as to show that he believed them to be substantially true, and a ghost story was always entertaining matter to all of us. Now, therefore, that there was a fair prospect of having a ghost of our own, we felt unusually interested, though no one seemed to be in a hurry to make the ghostly acquaintance. No doubt we all felt that the thing "would keep," and that there was no need of being in a hurry. But an unusually loud groan decided Mr. Bosworth. He told Mr. Blake, the fourth mate, to go into the cabin and bring a lantern; and while Mr. Blake was gone he ordered the men to take off the hatches.

"I don't think, sir, it's any use to hunt for it," suggested Tanner, in response to this order. "Such things aint easy to come at, and I reckon we'll have our trouble for our pains."

"Be quiet, Tanner, or you'll frighten him away. Just obey orders, and keep quiet. If there's a ghost down there, we're bound to have him."

"Aye, aye, sir, of course, it's just as you say; but it's my candid opinion you won't be able to find him."

The hatches were removed, and we were favored with two or three groans of better quality than any before, and, of course our interest was heightened.

The lantern was brought, and lowered by a lanyard down upon the lower hatchway, where it shed its light upon all objects between decks that were near to it. No one supposed the ghost was there, for the sounds plainly came from the lower hold, but it was well enough to get a look between decks before going down. Then Mr. Bosworth and a few of the most resolute went down to look further. After taking another precautionary look between decks, the coverings of the lower hatch being removed, the light shone down upon the closely-stowed casks in the lower hold. After that, we heard but two or three faint groans, or rather long-drawn sighs, with long intervals between, which led Mr. Bosworth to remark at last that the ghost was probably frightened, and would not allow himself to be overhauled.

"It's no use to go for him in that way, sir," suggested Tanner. "Ghosts are awere to light, specially light as comes from whale-ile, and they don't like crowds. I reckon, sir, you wont find him unless you go down alone, without a lantern."

"I reckon you're right, Tanner, and as you know all about them, and just how to take them, I'll set you to hunt him up. We'll pass up the light and get on deck, the rest of us, and you just stay down and interview the ghost." And, as if he really meant it, Mr. Bosworth told the others to get back on deck, and, passing up the light, at once left the hold. No one was long behind him, not even Tanner, and when Mr. Bosworth expressed surprise that he had not remained below, Tanner suggested that it would be of no use *now* to hunt for the ghost in *any* way. If the ghost wanted to be seen, he would n't put them to the trouble of looking for him; it was plain enough he did n't wish to be seen. Mr. Bosworth did not insist on his going down again, or seem to think it worth while to search any more for the ghost at that time, especially as the shaking sails showed that the wind was hauling and that the yards must be attended to.

We were all called away from the hatch to assist in hauling in the braces, trimming aft the sheets, &c.; and by the time everything was in trim again, the watch was out and it was our turn to go below. Of course, we stopped for a few moments around the main-hatch, to listen for those sounds; but not so much as the softest sigh was heard, and Tanner said that most likely the ghost had left the ship, though he had no doubt we would hear from it again in due time.

"The fact is," said Tanner, after we had got below and had turned in, "there's no telling how to take a ghost, anyway. They seem mighty unreasonable sometimes; but what I know about 'em makes it plain enough to me that they know what's

what, as well as live folks. I never knew a ghost yet that was n't mighty well able to take care of itself."

"I reckon you've known a good many in your time, have n't you?" asks a voice from the other side of the fore-castle.

"Aye, aye, matey! At least, I've known *about* 'em, and that's pretty much the same thing. They aint a talking set, anyway; and, in course, not so easy to get acquainted with as they might be, as you've had a chance to see for yourselves."

No one could equal Tanner in discoursing of ghosts, nor of anything else that interested him; and he kept our attention till we fell asleep, when, for the few hours we had below, it would have been almost impossible for even a ghost to have disturbed our repose. When we went again on deck, we were running on the wind with the yards braced sharp up. No more sounds had been heard, and no more were heard for some days. Of course, there was a good deal of talk about them, and speculation—among those who were not ghost-believers—as to what had caused them; but no satisfactory conclusion could be arrived at. As they were no more heard, the officers doubtless thought it would be a waste of labor and time to search for the cause, and they were fast becoming forgotten.

But it happened that the sounds were again heard,—this time also in the night, and the ship running with the wind, as before. A heavy, long-drawn sigh, ending in a very decided groan, was what first drew attention to the fact that the ghost was again on board. Then we all gathered around the hatchway to hear the groans. The captain had ordered that he should be called if the ghost should come again, and he soon joined our circle.

"He's at it again, sir," said Mr. Bosworth to the captain, as he came near, "and he seems to feel as bad as ever."

"Where is he?" asked the captain. "Has he been here long?"

"In the lower hold, sir; just come; and how in the world he could get there, unless he came in at the stern windows and went down through the run, is more than I can tell!"

"You don't pretend to say he has been in the cabin, do you?"

"I don't see any other way that he could have got where he is now, sir."

"He seems to be in pain," said the captain, as another very fair sample of the groans was heard.

"It's a queer sort of a ghost, sir; he always groans like that. If we could be sure of finding him, I would be willing to help break out to get at him, sir; but Tanner here knows all about ghosts, and says it would be of no use."

It was plain enough that both the captain and Mr. Bosworth were inclined to make light of the ghost, and Tanner now ventured a word in its behalf.

"I reckon," said he, "that we wont find the ghost any quicker for hunting for it. Of course you have n't forgotten poor Black yet. There would n't be anything strange in hearing from him again in some way."

"No, I suppose not," answered the captain, reflectively. "A man who has had as much experience with ghosts as you have, Tanner, ought to know about that. I don't think we will begin to hunt for him to-night, Mr. Bosworth; but if we hear him in the morning, we will hoist out a few of the casks and take a look by daylight. The casks are empty under the main-hatch, and it will not be a heavy job."

This time the sounds continued to be heard for hours, and when day dawned the ghost showed no

intention of leaving, but groaned and moaned just the same. Therefore, as soon as breakfast was over, all hands were set to breaking out. The light, empty casks came up fast, and, to Tanner's surprise, as well as to the surprise of some others, the ghost was soon come at. And, now, what do you think it was? An empty cask, with the *bung out!* The air rushing in and out through the bung-hole, caused by the roll of the ship when running before the wind, produced the doleful sounds we had heard.

Tanner said there was nothing strange about that, after all; though, unless it could be shown how the bung got out, he should still believe that somebody's ghost had a hand in it.

"I say, old blower!" cried Dave Burr, interrupting him, "*the bung never was in!*"

"Bother it, so it was n't! I never thought of that. But I say, mates, if the bung had only been in, I would n't give up the ghost yet, you bet!"

A GARDEN PARTY OF WILD ANIMALS.

BY ELIZABETH LAWRENCE.

In the June number of ST. NICHOLAS, an account was given of a home for wild animals in Paris; and you shall now hear of a very celebrated place of the kind in London.

In the beautiful gardens in the Regent's Park, the Royal Zoological Society entertains a crowd of distinguished guests, trying, with true hospitality, to make them all feel at their ease, and to give each one, as nearly as possible, what he has been used to at home.

All the world is represented here. Hot countries and cold; the arctic regions and the tropics; African deserts and polar snows; Indian jungles and South American forests, and our own Temperate Zone, all send their strange inhabitants to the gardens of the Royal Zoological Society.

A flight of steps at the end of the broad walk leads up to a wide stone terrace, and at the top of the steps you look down on your right into a square, paved court, with a high pole in the middle and little sleeping-rooms on each side. Three or four fat, clumsy bears are tumbling about on the pavement in rough, good-natured play, keeping each an eye on the parapet above to see if there is any chance for buns; and the minute they spy a visitor, it is a race which shall get to the pole first, and

then the lucky one climbs up, and, drawing his four feet together, plants himself on the ball at the top, and stretches his head out as far as possible with wide-open mouth, ready to catch the bun or cake, which somebody on the parapet holds out temptingly over the railing. It looks as if he could jump off the pole into the midst of the visitors and gobble them up, buns and all, if he chose; but this kind of bear can't jump; he can only climb, so it is really quite safe, and he is obliged to wait till the bun is thrown to him, and if the aim is n't good the coveted morsel falls down and is eagerly snatched up by the bears who sit on their hind legs round the foot of the pole, casting comical, imploring glances at the people above. And then how disappointed the poor fellow on the top looks; but he waits patiently for better luck, and presently somebody puts a cake on the end of a long stick, which is always at hand, and pokes it safely across into his great red cavern of a mouth. Bears are excessively fond of sweets of all sorts, and in their native woods like to steal the honey the wild bees have stored up in hollow trees, though sometimes they get well stung for their pains.

A pretty, winding path through the shrubbery at the left of the terrace brings us down a slope to

the place where the pair of white bears live. They have a beautiful stone house, covered with flowering vines, and in front a pond with a flagged path round it, on which, as we approach, the huge creatures are pacing up and down, waiting for dinner, growling savagely every now and then at the visitors who stand in tantalizing nearness, just out of their reach. Their whole domain,—house, garden and pond,—is not only fenced in, but roofed over with the thickest iron bars. Once, they say, it was only fenced; but though the top of the fence

from the heat of an English summer, and great blocks of ice are constantly kept in the pond, to make the water cool enough for their bath.

Further down the row we come to the lions and lionesses and the hyenas and a queer-looking yellow Syrian bear, and, backing against all these, on the other side of the terrace, are the cages of the tigers and leopards, and some more lions. Each beast has a parlor, with a bed-room behind it.

If it happens to be just before four o'clock, they are all in the wildest state of excitement. The lions



THE SYRIAN BEAR.

was made of pointed spikes, turned inward, one of the bears got out early one morning and nearly killed a blacksmith who happened to cross his path; and after that they were roofed in. The white bear and his wife once had two little ones,—soft, pinky creatures,—but the unnatural mother actually killed her own children, much to everybody's disappointment. The mother bear's fur is a purer, softer white than the father's, whose hair looks rather yellowish when he stands close to his great snow-ball of a wife, and she seems to be generally in a fit of the sulks, while he tramps about in a chronic state of active fury. They suffer terribly

are roaring and shaking their manes; the lionesses bounding wildly from side to side; the tigers and leopards uttering yells of anger, and every minute or two jumping up on their hind legs and tearing at the gratings with fore-paws and teeth until you almost fancy no bars can stand against such ferocious strength; and in the midst of it all you hear wild bursts of insane laughter from the hyenas, who run ceaselessly up and down their cages, seeming quite mad with rage.

And what do you think is the reason of all this behavior?

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time, and they can't bear to wait till it comes. Punctually at four, a keeper is seen approaching with a wheel-barrow full of joints of meat, and as they smell it, the beasts concentrate their excitement into a stupendous roar, which is most curiously lessened by the silencing of each voice as the owner thereof gets his meat and settles down to it with tooth and claw.

Such tearing and gobbling you never saw; and presently, the mighty appetites being appeased, the beasts seem like altered creatures, and sleepy serenity settles over the whole party.

Beyond the dens of these fierce beasts, some gentle deer and gazelles are quietly cropping the grass in their paddocks, enclosed only by light fences; and near them the swans and ducks swim and dive, and come gladly to be fed with crumbs.

The eagles inhabit a row of houses, with court-yards in front, in which they sit on huge perches, gloomily eyeing the people outside and turning their heads entirely round in their strange, uncanny way, while their bodies remain motionless. It is very odd, and it makes them look as if they had taken their heads off and put them on again hind side foremost by mistake.

Some camels are walking about in the yard outside their stable; and if you show them a biscuit, they will come with great strides on their soft, spongy feet to take it from your hand, which, rather to your dismay, they almost cover with their long upper lip, as if they meant not only to swallow the biscuit, but your hand and arm as well. These animals seem contented and happy, and pleased with the attentions they receive.

A little further on, we come to the flamingoes, who are very queer objects, indeed, standing on one leg, with the other tucked up out of sight and looking just like bundles of scarlet feathers stuck on poles. When the bird flies, its long legs stream behind it, rattling together like knitting-needles.

The pelicans' house is one of the nicest in the gardens,—grey stone, with ivy over it, and a shady front-yard. They are ugly birds; very strong and large, with great hanging double chins, which they use as bags, to carry provisions in; and they look stolid and stupid, as if they had eaten too much and were just about to go to sleep.

Before leaving this part of the gardens, we must go to see the wolf and the American bison.

The wolf is a thin, meagre, uncomfortable-



THE GAZELLE

looking beast, always going violently up and down his garden, never stopping to rest or take notice of anybody, and keeping his eyes fixed on the ground. His ceaseless activity is not at all like play or agreeable exercise, but the wild unrest of one in such trouble of mind or pain of body that he cannot be still. You watch him with a sort of fascination, waiting long to see him stop, sure that he *must* be tired out and sit down to rest; but you always have to come away at last, leaving him as you found him, pacing up and down, up and down the railed garden, which he probably thinks a poor exchange for his native woods.

The bison, very ugly and fierce-looking, tramps about in a senseless sort of way, bellowing every now and then, and throwing dust over his huge head and shoulders, as if that rough, tangled mane were not dirty enough already.

Poor old fellow! It may be that he remembers with longing regret the boundless freedom of the great American plains, where he roamed about with his brothers. Perhaps he and the bald eagle—whose houses are not far apart—manage to ex-

change reminiscences of their old home across the Atlantic.

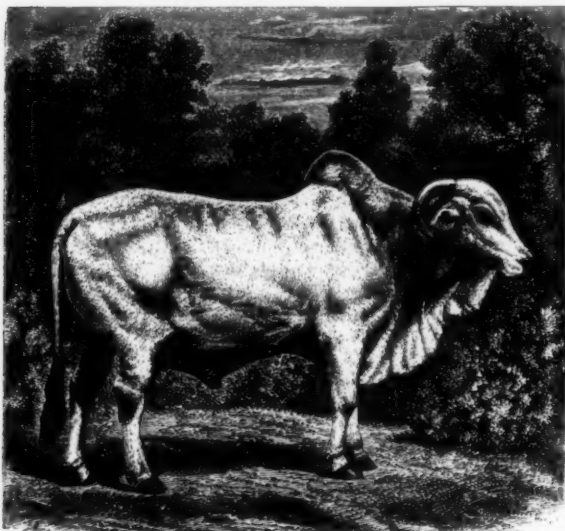
We now leave this part of the gardens, and go through a tunnel under the park road, which brings us out into a shady avenue on the banks of the canal. The elephant's house is in this avenue, and here he takes his daily walks, accompanied by his keeper, sometimes with a large howdah on his back, filled with giggling, half-frightened children. When the elephant is going to take people to ride, the keeper brings him out into the avenue just in front of his house, with crimson trappings and howdah on; and then the obedient beast kneels down, and a ladder is put against his broad sides, by which people climb up to their seats. The howdah has two benches, which run lengthwise on the elephant's back; these have iron rails at both ends, and each accommodates about four. When all are seated safely, the ladder is taken away and the word given to the elephant to rise. This, of course, he does with his fore-feet first, and so slowly that the children in the howdah are tipped down sidewise and dreadfully frightened, for what seems a very long minute, before the great kind-legs are drawn up too, and the elephant's back is level again. Then he starts off at a slow, majestic walk, with



THE DROMEDARY, OR ARABIAN CAMEL.

an undulating motion of his huge body, which is not altogether pleasant at first to the passengers in the howdah. He goes the length of the avenue and back to his house, and then he kneels down again, and the ladder is put up and the passengers dismount, very much delighted with having actually ridden on an elephant in the way people do in India. Once there was an elephant in the gardens named Chuneer, an uncommonly large one, and so docile and sweet-tempered that nothing ever made her angry, and she was greatly beloved by everybody who was in the habit of going there often. But Chuneer died of fright in a thunder-storm; and a great loss she was, for the son she left, Tippoo Saib by name, was so cross that nobody was ever allowed to ride him, and it was not thought safe even to take him out of his own yard into the avenue. So, for a little while, there were no more rides till they got another amiable elephant in Chuneer's place, for I believe young Tippoo Saib's temper always continued to be vicious.

It is strange to see the elephants bathe in the tank in the yard outside their house. They plunge into the water with such a noise and



THE BRAHMIN BULL.

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splash, that it seems as if they would go right through the bottom of the tank; and then they snort and tumble, and, finally, settle down to a good swim, varied with an occasional shower-bath from that ever-serviceable trunk, which can be put to more uses than even a human hand. It seems able to do anything you could mention, from tearing down a tree to picking up a sixpence, and can be converted into a hose or a teaspoon with equal ease, as its owner chooses.

The rhinoceros is a stupid-looking animal, but apparently not fierce, though one would not care to meet him outside the stout paling that surrounds his dwelling. He and the hippopotami are provided with huge baths of warm water inside their houses, for winter use, as well as the tanks in their yards, and the hippopotami spend as much time in the water as out of it. Besides the two old ones, there is a baby hippopotamus, named Guy Fawkes, because he was born on the fifth of November. Little Guy, being smaller and more active, is not quite so ugly as his huge father and mother, though



THE WHITE-TAILED GNU.

from ear to ear, showing, when open, the whole roof of the mouth, the top of the head seeming to fold back like the lid of a box on hinges. These



THE WAPITI DEER.

all are hideous enough, with their pig-like bodies and horrid faces, with mouths that stretch literally

creatures are as vicious as they are ugly, and apparently entirely incapable of affection or intelligence.

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Their next-door neighbors, the giraffes, are much more attractive; awkward, it is true, but playful and not unamiable, and glad to be fed by visitors. When the weather is warm, the whole giraffe family, young and old, roam about in their paddock, cropping the leaves from the trees, so tall are they, and ready to come up to the railing to take a biscuit from your hand. The animal bends his neck down to reach the biscuit, which he grasps by twisting a long, black, snaky-looking tongue round it as you hand it up.

The remaining houses on the avenue are those of the elands, the largest antelopes in the world; the zebras, and the ostriches, which are very funny-looking birds, and have a queer, bustling way of running about, like gossiping people with bits of news to tell.

Not far from the elephant's house, there is a fine aviary, with brilliantly-feathered macaws sitting on perches at each side of the entrance, like sentinels in gay uniform. Besides all the beasts and birds I have told you about, there are others in the gardens, such as the Brahmin bull from India, the horse-like gnu, the Wapiti deer, and the Markhoor



THE HIPPOPOTAMUS AND HER BABY.

goat, with its curious horns. But it would take too long to describe them all. So, we must now say good-bye to the distinguished foreigners with whom we have spent the day.



THE MARKHOOR GOAT.

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ST. PETER'S CHURCH.

(Translation of Latin Sketch in June Number.)

THE corner stone of St. Peter's Church at Rome, a representation of which is given below, was laid in the year 1506 by Pope Julius II. The work, with many interruptions, under many architects, was continued through the reigns of twenty successive Popes, for a period of one hundred and fifty years. Among the earlier architects was Michel Angelo, famous in military engineering, more famous in sculpture, most famous in painting, and destined to stand out for these many hundred years as the master mind in the construction of this master-piece. He was an old man when he entered upon this work, begun by others forty years before, and yet he pursued it with zeal and energy. Refusing to receive any compensation himself, he did such honorable work and exacted such honest work from others, that among the greedy and corrupt people of his day he soon acquired many bitter enemies, not a few of whom were leading men of the State, and friends and near-of-kin to Pope Julius III., who, by their machinations, was at length persuaded to order an investigation into the character of the work. The brave and eminent old man was summoned before a council of architects. Pope Julius was present. The chief charge was that the church wanted light, that the architect

had walled up a recess for three chapels, and made three windows which were too small. Upon which charge, the Pope asked Michel Angelo his reasons for having done so?

He replied, "I should wish first to hear the deputies."

Forth stepped two most potent cardinals, and said, "We ourselves are the deputies."

"Then, indeed," said he, "in the part of the church alluded to, over those windows, are to be placed three others."

"You never said that before," said one of the princes; to which he answered, with some warmth:

"I am not, neither will I ever be obliged to tell your Eminence, or anyone else, what I ought or am disposed to do. It is your office to see that money be provided for carrying on the work, to take care of the thieves, and to leave the building of St. Peter's to me." Turning to the Pope, "Holy father," he said, "you see what I gain: if these machinations to which I am exposed are not for my spiritual welfare, I lose both my labor and my time."

The Pope replied, putting his hands upon his shoulders, "Do not doubt, your gain is now and will be hereafter."

WILLIE'S LITTLE BROWN SISTER.

BY JANE GREY SWISSELM.

ONE bright, sunny morning, Mrs. Howe was clearing away the breakfast things in the kitchen of her pretty home in Colorado, and her three little boys were prospecting for silver mines in the yard, when an old squaw came in, and stood bolt upright, looking at her and seeming quite as much at home as if she were a part of the furniture and had been there ever since the house was built. She was quite as tall as a man, and had no clothing but a grey blanket. It was wrapped around her just as the warriors wear their blankets, and Mrs. Howe would not have known, at first, that she was a squaw and not a warrior, if it had not been for the bundle she carried on her back.

This bundle was nothing more than a papoose, —that is, an Indian baby,—tied down upon a piece of board. Its arms were laid along its sides, and, from head to foot, it was bandaged fast against the board, so that it could not move any part of its poor little body; and then it was hung on the squaw's back by a broad band of buffalo skin. It had no clothing but a few rags, and seemed very hungry and miserable. When Mrs. Howe took notice of it, the old squaw unfastened the band and stood it up in a corner, as one would put away a cane.

The three boys came running in to see it, and gathered around while their mother warmed some

milk and gave it a drink. It was so curious to see it drink without putting both hands into the cup, as babies usually do; but it seemed to enjoy its milk almost as much as other babies. It could not look glad, for it was too wretched; but it did look grateful, and Mrs. Howe felt like crying as she looked at the poor patient little creature, standing like a broom-handle, so stiff that one could not caress without hurting it.

The old squaw sat on the floor and took some food that Mrs. Howe gave her, and made the oldest boy understand that the papoose was not hers, but her daughter's; that its mother was dead, and that she would like to give it away. He told his mother, and begged her to take it. It was a little girl, and Willie, the youngest, said it would be their little sister—a little brown sister.

They all laughed and danced and shouted with delight at the thought of having a little brown sister, and begged their mother to take it immediately and unfasten it, so that they could hold it on their knees.

Willie ran and got his little rocking-chair, and insisted on having the baby to rock, right away; but Mrs. Howe knew that her husband would not like to have her take an Indian baby to raise. Indeed, he quite hated Indians, and did not allow one to come near the house when he was at home. So she told the boys it would not do—their father would be very angry; but they all three cried and begged. They had no little sister, and this one had such bright black eyes!

The old squaw lifted it, and stood it up against Mrs. Howe's knee, so that it would fall if she moved without holding it. Then, without saying a word, the old squaw went away.

Mrs. Howe gave it a warm bath, made it sweet and clean, and dressed it in some of the clothes Willie had worn when he was a baby. They had a nice time all day, and at night she put the boys to bed, and the little brown sister, after being tenderly rocked to sleep, was laid in Willie's baby-crib. It was the first time it had ever been in a

crib, and its little brown face looked so pretty on the white pillow, that she thought her husband could not find it in his heart to send it away.

When he came home, she took him to see it, when he stood straight up and whistled, thrust his hands down into his pockets, and said:

"Whew! What next? Going to raising Indians, are you? That's a tall contract; but you can't fill it on this ranch. Keep that thing here and you'll have the whole tribe to support. They'd hang round like a pack of wolves. Oh no, Lizzie! You've been a good wife, and I like to please you; but I can't stand this!"

She pleaded that it was so wretched; but he told her that it took something more than food and clothes to make people happy; that children were happiest with their own folks; that God knew what he was about when he sent a baby into this world, and always put it just where it belonged; that an Indian was happier, hungrier and colder among Indians, than well-fed and warm among white people; and that the boys only wanted it for a plaything, and had better have a young grizzly. So the little brown sister must go home in the morning.

Bright and early next morning they all had breakfast, and the boys cried for their pet; but their father rolled her up in a nice warm shawl, with all her pretty clothes on; took some more in a bundle; took the board and straps with which her old grandmother had made her so straight and stiff,—for, he said, she would want them again,—walked off two miles, and gave the little papoose back to the old squaw, where she was encamped with her tribe. When he started, Mrs. Howe noticed that there were tears in his eyes, and that he held the baby as tenderly as if it had been a white child, and concluded that, after all, he did not hate Indians as much as he thought he did.

The boys fretted after their little brown sister a good while, and did not like the young bear their father got for them half so well. But they never saw her again, and I think she was happier with her own people than she would have been with them.



LE SINGE FAVORI.

PAR H. D. FIELD.

MES enfants, voici Jack,—le plus joli petit singe qui se puisse voir ; mais comme son portrait ne donne qu'une bien faible idée de ce qu'il est, j'y veux ajouter quelques mots pour vous.

Jack vient d'Afrique, d'un bon missionnaire, de nos amis, qui nous l'envoya à travers les mers. Grande fut notre joie, comme bien vous pensez, quand un jour un grand matelot se présenta chez nous avec cette petite créature noire dans ses bras. Tout d'abord Jack se montra apprivoisé, affectueux même, des qu'il se vit bourré de bons et de gâteaux.

Il n'est pas beaucoup plus gros qu'un de ces écureuils gris que vous voyez souvent courir dans les bois, et a une petite tête brune avec un collier et des grands favoris de poils blancs ; ce que lui donnerait l'air d'un petit vieillard, avec une calotte de velours, si ses grands yeux noirs, si vifs et brillants, ne changeaient bien vite cette vénérable apparence ; et comme à cause du froid auquel il est très sensible, on a été obligé de le vêtir d'une petite robe de flanelle rouge, il a, je vous assure, un air très jeune et semillant, en dépit de sa barbe blanche. On a placé pour son usage spécial au coin le plus chaud de la cheminée une très petite chaise, et rien n'est plus amusant que de le voir assis gravement se chauffant les pieds au feu ; et tenant sur ses genoux une petite poupée qu'il a en grande affection, et avec laquelle il joue comme le ferait la plus gentille petite fille.

Malheureusement, pas plus qu'un enfant de son âge, Jack ne se tient longtemps tranquille à la même place ; il touche à tout, il fouille partout, il tourne les aiguilles de la pendule pour l'entendre sonner, grignotte les livres ; et ouvre toutes les boîtes qui lui tombent sous la main en quête de sucre et de bonbons dont il est très friand. Souvent son pouvoir d'imitation le met en grand embarras, et lui cause quelque peine, comme le jour où il s'enferma si bien dans un cabinet en tournant la clef, qu'il fallut envoyer chercher un serrurier pour le délivrer de la prison, où il se lamentait avec des cris perçants.

Comme tous les enfants gâtés, Jack déteste aller se coucher ; et quand il voit qu'on se prépare à l'emmenner du salon chaud et brillant, il court à sa

maîtresse, grimpe sur son épaule, met ses bras autour de son cou, et pleure pour être gardé, comme le ferait un vrai baby. Il se trouve très offensé, et proteste de toute la force de ses poumons, si on l'exclut de la salle à manger pendant les repas. Assis sur sa petite chaise, tenant avec grande adresse une soucoupe sur ses genoux, il suit de ses grands yeux noirs tous les détails du service, avec un intérêt qui se manifeste bruyamment à l'apparition du dessert. Tout lui est bon, de la crème



JACK.

glacée, ou simplement une pomme ou une noix. Mais il a ses préférences, et les témoigne par un grognement de satisfaction, ou en rejetant de son assiette les morceaux qui ne conviennent point à son goût.

On nous assure que Jack pourrait apprendre cent tours amusants, et son éducation a probablement été commencée par les matelots pendant son long voyage, car il fait la culbute comme un vrai acrobate. Il faut dire à sa louange qu'il paraît anxieux

de cultiver cet unique talent, et il s'exerce souvent de son propre accord, se tenant sur la tête, les pieds en l'air, et tournant sur lui même avec une dextérité dont il semble tout fier; mais nul d'entre nous n'a le courage de lui imposer des études trop sévères.

Sa vie dans notre climat, si rigoureux pour ces pauvres petits êtres accoutumés au soleil d'Afrique,

ne saurait être de longue durée. Il va passer l'été à la campagne, au milieu des fleurs et des fruits, et si les premières gelées nous enlèvent notre petit favori, nous l'enterrerons sous un rosier, heureux d'avoir joui quelques mois de sa gentillesse, et d'avoir rempli sa courte existence d'autant de bonheur que possible.

WOOD-CARVING.

BY GEORGE A. SAWYER.

PART IV.

BEFORE describing the articles of which I give figures in this paper, I will add a few words to what has been said in a previous article* in regard to tools and appliances.

Two or three additional tools will now be found useful; among them, a plane, by which we can get a flat, smooth surface with less labor than by

by carpenters in planing rough board, and is very convenient in cases where you cannot readily procure planed boards. The cost is about the same as the smoothing-planes.

Another useful tool is a hand-saw. This should be about twelve inches long; and when you buy one I would advise you to get a carpenter to sharpen it for you. Saw-filing is an art which is rather difficult to acquire, though after seeing it done once or twice, you can learn enough of it to keep your own saws in order. I need hardly mention that the fine saws used for fret-sawing do not need any preparation for use.

Besides these tools, you will need a glue-pot.

You can get little glue-pots of tin or cast-iron (the latter are the best) for twenty-five cents, or upwards; but if pocket-money is scarce, you may make glue without buying a regular pot. Get an ounce of the best quality of glue,—the lightest colored, I believe, is the strongest,—and break it in small bits, put it in a cup of tin, china or glass, whichever you can most readily procure, and pour in just enough water to cover the glue. Set the glue-cup into a pan of water (an old tin fruit-can will often do very well), and put it on the stove to heat. The glue will melt, and will be in the right condition when of the consistency of thin molasses. Take the whole apparatus off the fire together, and the hot water will keep the glue ready for use for half-an-hour or so. Always use the glue as hot as possible, and put on no more than is barely necessary. If the work is of such a nature as to admit of it, heat it also, but be careful that your thin wood does not



FIG. 1. WORKING-PATTERN FOR MATCH-SAFE. (REDUCED.)

the slower process of rubbing with sandpaper, as I suggested when describing the ruler.

The tool I would recommend for this kind of work is called a smoothing-plane, and is especially made, I believe, for the use of piano-makers. It is about five inches long, with an iron of a little more than one inch in width, and will be found extremely useful. The cost is about a dollar and a-quarter. What is called a jack-plane is the implement used



FIG. 2. MATCH-SAFE, COMPLETE. (MUCH REDUCED.)

* In the number for December, 1873.

warp. After applying the glue, the pieces should be held tightly together till the glue has hardened. Sometimes the pieces may be bound together by a string, or they may be laid under a heavy weight. There are little implements called cabinet-makers' clamps, composed of two pieces of hard wood connected by wooden screws, between the jaws of which small articles can be inserted and screwed up tight. These are very useful in holding glued articles together. Clamps such as you will find best adapted to your work are about three inches long, with screws five or six inches in length. They cost about twenty cents. Two of them will be enough.

A convenient varnish for all this sort of work is made by dissolving shellac in alcohol. Get at a drug store a wide-mouthed bottle which will hold one or two ounces. Fill it half full of gum shellac broken in fine bits, and cover it with strong alcohol. In twenty-four hours, or less, it will be dissolved, and may be applied with a brush. It is better to use it thin and apply several coats. If used too thick, it is apt to look streaked and rough. The common colored shellac gives a handsome reddish-brown tinge to most woods, and dries very rapidly. If you want to preserve, as near as may be, the clear white color of white holly, you must use bleached shellac prepared in the same way. Gum shellac costs five or ten cents an ounce; and an ounce will last a long time. Keep tightly corked.

I offer a design for a match-safe, which may be made ornamental as well as useful. The two drawings, figs. 1 and 2, on the preceding page, give a sufficiently clear idea of its appearance. Like most of the other examples of work given, it is to be done in two or more contrasting woods; cigar-box wood and white holly will do excellently; the box and wall-piece of cedar, and the rope edge, Egyptian lamp and box edging of white holly. Nail the box together with small brads, such as the cigar-boxes are fastened with, and glue the holly edge on afterwards, and it will conceal the nail heads. If the wood is brittle and easily split, first bore holes with a brad-awl to insert the points, and drive in the brads with a light hammer. The rope edge is easily made. Saw out a ring of wood of the right width, and with a three-cornered file make notches on both sides opposite each other, at regular distances, and of about the same width and depth, then file diagonally across the top, and round off with sandpaper. Both edgings had better be made of single pieces of wood. The dark apertures in the wall-piece are made by drilling holes, and then filing them into the desired shape. The safe can be hung up by these. A piece of fine sand or emery-paper is to be glued on to the right-hand end of the box, on which to

scratch the matches. The ends of the matches should project half-an-inch above the top of the box, and if those you use are too short, put a little block of wood in the bottom to raise them up. The shading of the lamp will sufficiently indicate how it is to be carved.

Figures 3 and 4 are end-pieces for table book-racks—very convenient and useful little articles of furniture. The design of fig. 3 is original. The other is adapted from a pattern for a widely different species of ornamental work,—painting on por-

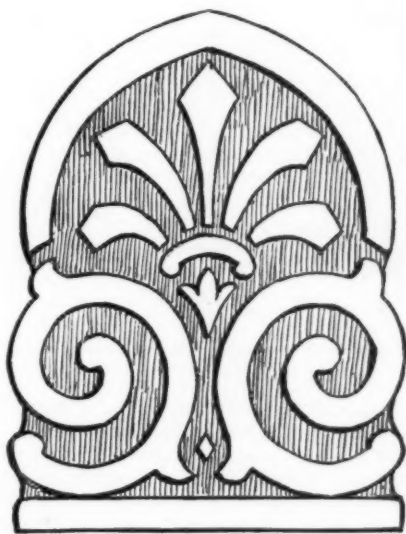


FIG. 3. DESIGN FOR END-PIECE FOR BOOK-RACK.

celain,—and I give it partly to show how readily almost any sort of beautiful pattern may be adapted to our use. The ornamental pieces in these designs are all to be cut out separately, and afterwards glued in their proper position, the end-piece to which they are fastened following in outline the outer edge of the ornamental work. In the flower patterns, wherever a line crosses the figure a break may be made in the wood, but when you glue on the separate pieces, close them up, that the joints may not be too conspicuous. The stems are to be rounded, and the leaves and scrolls slightly carved as indicated by the shading.

Figure 5 will show how the ends of the book-rack are to be fastened to the frame, which is merely a strip of board of the same wood as the end-pieces, and two or three times as long as they are. The end-pieces may be screwed or nailed to this frame before the lowest ornaments are glued on, but it is

much better to put them on with brass hinges, so that when not in use they may shut down on the frame out of the way. If you use hinges, set them in flush with the wood, as indicated, and see that

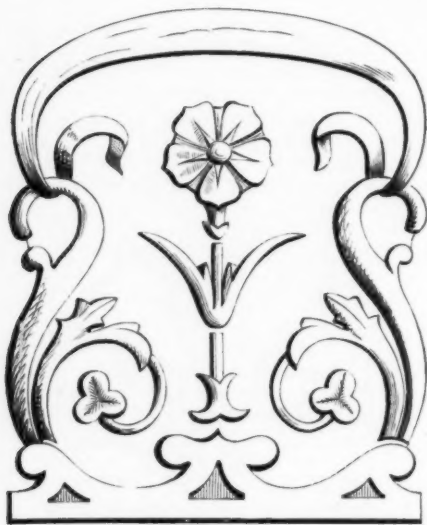


FIG. 4. END-PIECE FOR BOOK-RACK.

the heads of the screws are well countersunk, so that there may be no rough points projecting on which the binding of a handsome book may receive a scratch. Hinges of good size should be used, two on each end, and screws so short that the points will not go entirely through the wood. The end-piece should be so fitted that when open it may stand exactly at right angles to the frame, and give a firm and steady support to the books placed upon

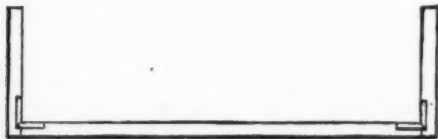


FIG. 5. ATTACHMENT OF ENDS TO FRAME.

it. These points only require care in the workmanship, without which, indeed, no piece of work, of any kind, can be thoroughly satisfactory.



FIG. 6. PATTERN OF HALF OF END-PIECE. (FULL SIZE.)

Figure 6 is one-half of figure 4 enlarged to full size. It may be readily traced on thin tissue paper, and another tracing made from the opposite side of the first one, to complete the figure.

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THE LITTLE DOLL THAT LIED.

BY SARAH O. JEWETT.

"WHY, Polly! What's the matter, dear?

You look so very sad;

Has your new doll been taken ill?

It cannot be so bad."

Nine of the dolls sit in a row,

But there is one beside,—

See, in the corner, upside down,

The little doll that lied!

Out in the corner, all alone,

The wicked doll must stay;

None of the rest must speak to her,

Or look there while they play.

All her best clothes, except her boots,

Are safely put aside;

The boots are painted on her feet,—

The little doll that lied!

Oh, lying's such a naughty thing!

Why, she might swear and steal,

Or murder some one, I dare say;

Just think how we should feel

To have her in a prison live,

Or, worse than that, be hung!

What woe she do when she is old,

If she did this so young?

And now the silver mug and spoon

Come into use again,

And down the faces of the dolls

The tears run fast as rain.

Three have tipped over with their grief,

Their tears cannot be dried;

Their handkerchiefs are dripping wet,—

The little doll has lied!

THE AFFAIR OF THE "SANDPIPER."

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

PART I.

AUNT JOHN, you know, is always doing something; I mean something for us fellows,—Jill and me. Perhaps you will remember Aunt John. I told about her once in the *Young Folks*; how we went down to her house one vacation and fell through the floor into the cellar and thought the Day of Judgment had come.

Jill thinks that scrape we got into at Gloucester would do to tell; he thinks it would do very well for a story. Aunt John took us to Gloucester.

We went to Eastern Point to one of the big boarding-houses. We had n't been to the beach before for some time. But we'd always known about boats, and so forth, at home. Could swim, of course. Aunt John taught us to swim in Deep-water Brook, that runs behind her house, when I was a little shaver, only six. Aunt John can swim forwards and backwards and under water, and dive, too; she's one of the handsomest swimmers I ever saw.

So we went to Gloucester. Gloucester is a very

interesting place. At least, I thought so; Jill did n't so much, at first. I like to see them dry the mackerel on the wharves all up and down the road between the town and the Point. I know 'most every mackerel-dryer there is there, and sometimes I help; they lay them out on stretchers in the sun. Then there's a tin-shop, where they have a boy to stand in a cart and catch tin pails out of a second-story window; he piles them up in a row in a cart to take off. I tried one day myself. You'd think it would be easy; but I dropped three and banged a notch in one.

Then there's a sail-boat ferry. The boat goes over and back between the town and the Point, and you pay four cents a trip. Two men make a living out of that ferry, but I don't see how. I spent half my allowance going over, but he would n't let me help at the sails. One day he put off some drunken fellows because they did n't quite tip the boat over. They splashed into the water, and were just as mad! Then, under the wharves I like it. The piers look like trees, long and straight, and in green

rows. There 's a piece in my reading-book it makes me think of:

"Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns, measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea."

But Jill says it is n't very clean (and it is n't). And he says boys have no business to quote poetry; he says girls have. One day we put under the piers in a dory, and got wedged in, and an old fisherman had to come and haul us out with a boat-hook. Then there are the boats on a dark night, with the colored lights, all sailing in, and you try to count 'em. Sometimes there 's an outside steamer in for shelter, if it 's stormy, but she makes out early next morning, before you 're up.

So we went to Gloucester, and one day we got a sail-boat. They don't have a great many sail-boats on the Point; and Jill hired this for a week of a chap in town that had gone home to see his young lady. She was a neat craft, painted black and gold. The gold was inside, and overflowing to the gunwale's edge,—Aunt John said, like an overflowing heart. Aunt John thought it was a pretty boat. Her name was the "Sandpiper." She was finished as neatly as any boat in the harbor. We got her for five dollars a week, and the moorings. We moored her off the rocks in front of the boarding-house with one of those pulley moorings, you know, in a ring, where you set her in and out, hand over hand, and tie the painter too long, and have her bang up against another man's boat, and are called away from dinner to go out and haul her all in and do it over, and find your pudding cold. Of course, you learn to tie a sailor knot. There was one girl at our house who tied a pretty sailor knot. She learned on neckties, but she had a boat. Frank Starkweather went with her. Her name was Tony Guest. But she would n't let Frank tie the boat up.

Now, there was this about having that boat. Aunt John said: "Boys! I've found a boat in town you can have for a week." Then she said: "Now, boys! if I give you leave to come and go in that boat, free from fret and orders and questions (which she knows how boys hate—she's 'most as good as a boy herself), I shall expect you to act with great prudence," said Aunt John. "I expect you to look out for dangers as carefully as grown men do. If I *treat* you like men, you *act* like them, and whenever you go outside the bar you must take Frank Starkweather."

Aunt John said this, and then she never said any more. She did not bother nor fuss. We just took that boat and did as we pleased, and, I tell you it was fun. But, then, we were careful.

Friday, it came up, somehow, about going to Swampscott. Frank Starkweather said he'd go.

He said he thought it was safe, but he said he thought we might as well mention it to our aunt, or some other good sailor. But, I believe, we did n't mention it at all. I can't say exactly whether we *meant* not to mention it, but, at any rate, we did n't. I wanted to go like sixty the minute it was spoken of. So did Jill. We got up early, you know, and off before anybody was up.

At least, nobody was up but Tony Guest and her older sister; for they row themselves 'most every morning. They stood on the rocks and said, "Bon voyage!" At least, the sister did, but Miss Tony said, "Good luck to you!"

Miss Tony said she'd tell Aunt John, and we sent our good-by, and that we might n't be home till late, and that the day was just right, and no danger. Miss Tony stood on the rocks and waved her hat—a little jockey sailor hat she wears, with long streamers. And Frank was so taken up with looking at her that he steered us into Black Bess, and gave us one good soft jerk to begin with. Black Bess is a mean, pointed reef off Niles'. But no harm happened, and nothing happened of any account till we got to Swampscott. We had a stiff nor' by nor'-easter part of the way, and plenty of sun, and we made a clear tack, and got in to dinner by twelve o'clock, as hungry as sharks. And Frank knew the way pretty well, or else he thought he did,—I don't know which. Frank Starkweather is seventeen.

So we went ashore for dinner, and ate two chowders apiece, and a horn button that they called a lemon pie as a pleasant exercise of the imagination, and hard cider for Frank. But we did n't. That's one thing we've promised our Aunt John,—that we won't take drinks round with boys,—because she says half of 'em you might get drunk on, if you wanted to.

Once, when I was a mite of a chap, Aunt John looked at me with that way she has of snapping her eyes, and said she, "George Zacharias!" (but she generally calls me Jack), "George Zacharias! if you ever should get *drunk*, I should be so ashamed I should n't want to *look* at you!"

It was just like Aunt John. You know, when anybody says anything like that to you, you remember it.

So we did n't take the cider, and Frank did n't laugh at us,—for he's a gentleman,—and about one o'clock we went down and hauled the "Sandpiper" round to get home.

We meant to get home early, and surprise them if we could. I rather wanted to be home by seven or eight, because we had n't seen Aunt John nor said good-by to her.

There was an old captain down on the rocks when we hauled round, and he had a pipe in his

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mouth. So he took it out when he saw us, and said, "Goin' fur?"

So Frank told him. Then the captain said: "Humph!" At least, that's the way books spell it. I should spell it more this way, "Enguhph!"

Now, when an old tar says that,—whichever way you spell it,—you'd better ask him what he means, I think. So Frank did.

"Head-winds," said the captain, "and thick weather!"

But the weather was clear as a bell, and who minds a little head-wind? So we laughed, and laid the "Sandpiper" round, and started off like a bumble-bee. That boat looked more like a bumble-bee than she did like a sandpiper, anyway.

"What did the old cove mean?" asked Frank, after we'd rounded the headland and put bravely out.

"He said them boys' mothers had better have kept 'em at home," spoke up Jill. "I heard him, to another fellow."

"Sea-captains out of business are always scarey as doves," said Frank Starkweather.

"And wise as serpents," said I,—just to say it. I did n't especially mean anything; most people don't, half the time.

It was grand on the water that day. The "Sandpiper" laid to and ran near the wind, as if she'd been running a race with it. Frank took the ropes and I the rudder. We began not to talk much as we got farther out. You had to keep your eyes open pretty sharp, and a great many little craft were about. They all seemed to be making port, at Salem, Beverly, and different places. I wondered why; Frank said, perhaps they looked for a storm *to-morrow*. But he put "to-morrow" in italics.

To tell the truth, we did n't make very good headway after the first. The sea began to rise, and the breeze was stiff as a poker, from the east. I thought Frank looked a little solemn once or twice, when she careened clear over. Sometimes she tipped, so it was really ugly; and we were all drenched by three o'clock, by the waves. By half-past three, Frank told Jill he thought he'd better bail a little, to keep our feet dry. But I thought he thought it was just as well we should n't carry quite so much water. But, perhaps, he did n't.

I think it was just about four o'clock. I was looking at the water, thinking; Jill was watching for boats and telling Frank their tack and kind. Frank had his sleeves rolled up and his hat off, and his eyes set sharp in his head at everything. I was leaning over the gunwale and counting how many colors I could see in the water,—for we were off shore in a weedy place,—and wondering how many more Aunt John would find than I could.

All at once, I found that I could n't see a great many. What there were were dull and ugly.

Then I heard Frank say:

"Ah—h—h—h!" between his teeth.

I looked up. I could see just one color—only one,—the ugliest color I think I ever saw, or expect to see, in my life. Just grey,—cold, crawling grey. You could n't see the shore; you could n't see the boats making harbor. Now we knew why.

We could just see each other's faces and our own rigging, and a little patch of greeny-black water round about.

You could n't realize, unless you'd seen it, how quick a fog comes down. A minute, and there is n't any! A minute, and there is n't anything else! We had n't even seen it *crawl*. It *pounced*.

As I said, Frank Starkweather said:

"Ah—h—h—h!"

Jill said, "Ow—w—w!"

I said, "Wh—ew—w—w!"

But when we'd made these three intellectual remarks, we did n't find ourselves talkative. Frank jammed his head into his hat, and took to the ropes with a jerk. I asked him if he thought he could saw a fog in two. But I got an extra hold of the tiller, for I felt more comfortable. Jill buttoned up his coat and brushed out his hair, as if he'd been going to a party. He looked very nervous.

There's no doubt about it, and we may as well own up now. We did n't one of us know enough to take a sail-boat from Gloucester to Swampscott. Not one. And we'd no business to have come without asking advice. But we were n't so green we did n't know that to take a sail-boat from Swampscott to Gloucester, in the teeth of an east wind, and *then* to have the luck to run into a fog-bank, was no joke, anyway you might look at it.

I asked Frank once if he thought Miss Tony would wear mourning; but he looked so black at me, I gave it up, and nobody tried to make a joke after that.

So we set to, and did the best we could.

You don't enjoy it, sailing in a fog like that. I'd have given all I owned, if I had n't kept thinking about Aunt John so often. But I did. So did Jill, I guess.

We began to hear the boat-horns soon—here and there and everywhere, up and down. And whistles; such screeching whistles from steamers and tugs! We passed the "Stamford" once, on her way to Boston. I knew *her* whistle well as I knew Jill's. But I could n't see her. It gave you a funny feeling, to hear so many things that you could n't see.

Pretty soon, Frank turned slowly around and looked at me. He looked white, I thought.

"I thought so!" said he.

"Thought what?" said I.

"Thought we were n't, and we aint! We aint making an inch in this confounded fog! Not one!"

"I should like to know what we *are* making?" said I, half mad.

"A circle," said Frank; "that's all. Just going round and round. I think we're off the Manchester Rocks, but I can't say sure. But I know that red buoy with the piece of kelp on it. We left that buoy half-an-hour ago. We've turned a circle and come back to it. If you can manage this boat, Jack, you may, for I can't!"

I'd never seen Frank Starkweather act so. He just gave up, and pulled his hat over his eyes, and I had to take his place till he felt better; I suppose, from being so much older and from Aunt John's trusting him, he felt badly.

First we knew after that, it began to grow dark. It was the last of August, and darkened early. But we knew how late it must be, and that we must have been going round and round for a long time. I don't think Frank could steer by the wind very well, or else the wind had changed. At any rate, he did n't know what to do.

Well, sir, we were sitting in that boat, three of the solemnest-looking boys you ever saw, when, all at once, Frank Starkweather just gave one jump and grabbed me around the throat, as if he'd been getting up a first-class murder, and pulled my watch-guard off,—it was my old rubber one,—and it broke. Something rattled on the bottom of the boat, and Frank gave another leap, and at it.

"Why in the name of mercy did n't you tell a fellow that you'd got a compass with you?" roared Frank.

And, sure enough, he meant the little compass that Jill gave me for a charm last Christmas. It was a neat little thing—truer than most such arrangements.

You ought to have seen Frank holding on to that silly little brittle thing to see if it was true—head bent over this way, and one hand on the tiller. The hand that held the little compass shook like a rabbit.

If it had n't been for that compass, I wont pretend to say what would have happened. It was bad enough as it was. But Frank stuck to the tiny thing, and kept our bearings pretty well.

Only, there was the bother of the fog. The fog was thick as mud, and the wind had shifted to the sou'-east, and it was growing very dark.

We guessed now that we must be nearing Norman's Woe. Norman's Woe is an awful reef. It's the one Longfellow's poetry tells of, about the skipper's daughter. I felt as if I could have written a poem myself about it, if I had n't been so frightened as we went by,—creeping that way,—feeling out

into the fog, you know, to find it. The wind just *hammered* us towards the reef.

For I *was* frightened. So were we all. We huddled together. It was a dreadful feeling to go sailing on and not know but any minute you'd strike one of the worst reefs on all the Massachusetts coast (for it's an awful lonesome rock, and thick pine woods around, and no houses to speak of, and all the passing' craft so shy of it), and you three boys in a sail-boat by yourselves in thick weather, after dark!

I suppose it's the way with a good many other dreadful things; but we never knew it till it was over. Frank had just said, "There's a lift in the fog, boys," and I had said, "How dark it is!" when Jill screeched out, "We've hit! O, we've hit!" and there was a horrid scraping noise and a great push of the wind, and I gave such a crunch to the tiller I heard it crack, and then we sailed off in a spurt, and all looked back.

There it lay. Black, long, ugly—the ugliest thing! It ran out, like a monster's long tongue, to sea, as if it would lap up poor fellows, I could n't but think. And the lonesome pine woods were so black above, and there was such a noise of the water all about!

We had cleared it—just.

I don't know what the other fellows did, but I said my prayers.

There was need of it, too, may be, for we weren't home yet, by any means. And there are places I'd rather be in than Gloucester harbor on a dark night.

You see, the fog was getting off, but the *blow* was awful, and it just beat against that western shore and its solid cliffs, there, for miles. And there is the island and half a dozen little reefs to think of; and the harbor was full of craft in for the blow, which made you steer as if you were all eyes.

The fog-bell was tolling, too, for it was still thick outside. I hate to hear it ever since that night. I wondered what Aunt John thought of it. That bell sounds like a big funeral-bell, tolled over all the poor fellows that go down on this ugly coast.

So we crawled along in, frightened to death.

Whether we could see the lights in the boarding-house parlor, I don't know. There were a great many lights, and we got confused.

We meant to steer clear east of Ten Pound Island, and then back straight as we could.

"We're 'most there!" said Frank.

"Time we were," said I. "It must be 'most eleven o'clock."

That instant there was a horrible crunching, grinding noise.

The "Sandpiper" leaped and leaped again. Then she grated up roughly, and stuck fast.

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We were on the rocks. Where?

We looked up, and a great light blazed over our heads, like a great eye.

It was the light on Ten Pound Island. We had hit the little, long, narrow reef that juts out into the channel towards the sea.

The "Sandpiper" struggled as if she had been hurt, and began to settle over on her side slowly.

PART II.

"HELP! Oh, he-elp!"

Our voices rang out all together. First we knew, another one rang into them. He'd been shouting, nobody knew how long, at us.

"Hold on! There in a minute! Keep up! Where are you? Keep up! Keep up!"



THE FOG-BELL.

We lifted up our voices high and strong as we knew how, over the noise the water made.

"Help! Help!"

You can't think what a sound it has—your own voice calling that word out for the first time in your life.

We caught hold of each other,—knee-deep in the water, that came up cold as ice over the "Sandpiper's" pretty colors,—and called, and called:

"Help! Help! HELP! Oh, HELP!"

We knew the voice as soon as we heard it. It was the light-keeper at Ten Pound Island. It was just the jolliest, cheeriest, *helpingist* voice that ever was, we boys thought; and he was as used to the water as a duck. The minute we heard him we felt safe.

The water was washing over us pretty strongly by that time, where the "Sandpiper" lay over on the reef. She did not move very much, but lay just pinioned there, and so kept us out of the

trough of the waves. It would have been a tough swim in the dark and such a sea. May be Frank Starkweather could have made it. *Perhaps* I might myself; but I don't know about Jill. The water was so cold, and you'd get dashed so.

The light-keeper came down on the reef with a lantern. He stood and swung it to and fro. He has grey hair and a long, grey beard, and they blew about in the wind. For all I was in such a fix, I remember thinking how his grey hair looked, and how the light overhead in the light-house tower seemed to wink over his head at us, as much as to say:

"What fools you were! Oh, what fools you were!"

The light-keeper swung his lantern twice, and put his hands to his mouth trumpetwise, and hollered out:

"What foo-oo-ools you were!" At least, it sounded like that at first, but we found it was more like this:

"Can't—do—anything without—the—boats! You're—too far—out—the reef! Can—you—keep—till I can—get—around?"

We hollered back that we guessed so, and he just ran! It's some little job to get to the boat-house; that's the other side of the island. He just put into it, I guess, for, before we knew it, the sound of oars came splashing around. Not the little, easy, quite-at-home, no-hurry kind of strokes he generally takes, but quick and sharp, like knives.

He hauled alongside, and we got in. We all shivered. Nobody said anything at first. The light-keeper rowed around, and looked the "Sandpiper" over.

We boys looked at each other. I don't think we'd thought about the "Sandpiper" before.

"Is she much hurt?" asked Frank.

"Oh, I hope not—hope not!" said the light-keeper, cheerily. "At any rate, you can't do much for her to-night. She'll stay where she is till next tide, I think. I'll just take you home, and when I come over I'll find her anchor, and drop it till morning. You'd better get home and see your friends quick as you can."

Now, Frank told him he was very kind, but we'd take the other boat and row ourselves home. We would n't trouble him. But he said, "Oh, no," he'd rather like to go, and see what the folks said.

He did n't say he knew we were all too scared to want to touch another boat that night, even that distance,—because we were boys,—but I suppose he thought so. And, as far as I'm concerned, I was mighty glad to be treated like a little boy for a few minutes, and to get down in the stern and be still, and feel myself rowed through the dark by a

pair of arms that knew that harbor well enough to cut it up into patchwork and sew it together again.

He and Frank talked, and Jill, some; but I did n't. I did n't feel like it.

First place, I'd been too near drowning, I suppose. I'd rather die 'most any way than drown, I think.

Then there was Aunt John. Then there was another thing,—*somebody* had got to be responsible for the "Sandpiper."

They were all out, when we got there, looking for us. It seemed to me as if all the Point were out—all our house, and everybody from the pretty little brown cottage, where the two hammocks are, and the tent.

Tony Guest was there, Frank said, 'way out on a slippery rock, looking and looking, in her little sailor hat. I did n't see her for some time. I did n't notice anybody in particular. I don't think I could see very clearly. I could n't see Aunt John anywhere.

When we got out we found we were used up, and staggered along on the rocks. Frank was white as chowder. I saw spots on Jill's face, as if he'd rubbed it, and his hands were dirty. But I could n't see Aunt John.

So they all crowded round, and we did n't know what to say; and then I saw her. She was coming over the rocks with great shawls. She put one on me and one on Jill, and led us up to the house away from everybody. When she got us into her own room she kissed us—but not before.

She was very pale. I thought she'd cry; I thought she'd scold. But she did n't do either one. She only flew around and got us to bed, and got blankets and bottles and hot coffee and things. She did n't even ask a question till she saw me choke; then she just said, "Oh, boys, how *could* you?" That was all. Now, she never scolded nor crowed; upon my word, she did n't. The more frightened some people are about you, the more they abuse you. But Aunt John is different. She knew we felt badly enough; and when I spoke up about the "Sandpiper," though she looked troubled, she only told me to go to sleep, and we'd see to-morrow.

So the next day we felt pretty tired, and we all went over to see the "Sandpiper." We could see her from the boarding-house window. She lay on the rock much as we had left her, only the tide was lower. She looked like the cow that the cars ran over—very much "discouraged." So we got the light-keeper and another man that knew about boats, and Aunt John, and rowed over to the island. The "Sandpiper" lay between her anchor and a rope the light-keeper'd set to the rock. Her mast was snapped in two. We thought there

seemed to be a bad leak, but could n't tell very well at first.

A lot of men had collected around,—men always go to wrecks in Gloucester just as you'd go to fires anywhere else,—and some of 'em set to work and tried to haul her off the rocks. But they tried an hour, and gave it up. They said she looked to them pretty badly jammed.

The fellow that owned her had got back for some reason, and he came over. He looked very black. He said she was worth two hundred dollars.

Frank and Jill and I looked at each other. I don't think I ever felt so in my life.

"She's a bad smash," said the fellow that owned her, "and somebody will be out of pocket on her. It can't be expected to be me, I suppose."

"She'll come off when the tide serves," said the light-keeper. "We'll see then how much she's damaged. Perhaps it is n't such a bad job, after all."

But it was a bad job—very bad.

When the "Sandpiper" got off the reef at last, she looked like a sandpiper that had been shot on the wing—ruffled and struggling and half dead. Her mast was broken all to nothing, and there was a great gouge in her bows. The fellow that owned her had her towed into town, and said he'd have the damages estimated and let us know. In the afternoon he came over and said it would take about seventy-five or eighty dollars to set her trim again.

Now, our people are n't very well off. They could n't afford eighty dollars to pay for a sail-boat, any way, in the world. I did n't know what on earth to do or say. I just walked around and thought of things. I had an awful headache. I could n't go to dinner. I wondered if I should have to go into a store and earn the money. I wondered if the fellow that owned her would arrest us, if we did n't pay. I thought what father and

mother would think, and how disgraced we were. I was the most miserable boy you ever knew, unless it was Jill.

I was out on the rocks in a cubby there is there, where nobody sees you, when I heard a step behind.

You'd know Aunt John's step in a regiment, if you'd ever heard it. It springs along, and strikes down broad. She wears great low boot-heels, like a man's, and her dresses don't drag.

"Coming in to supper?" asked Aunt John.

She bent over to look at me. She had a white shawl over her head, and she was smiling. She's very gentle for a smart woman, my Aunt John.

I said no. I did n't want any supper.

"I'm up such a tree about that boat!" said I.

"The boat," said Aunt John, quietly, "is paid for. You'd better come to supper."

"Paid for? The 'Sandpiper?'" said I. "Who paid for her?"

But I knew. I knew when she shook her head and said, "No matter!" smiling. I knew she could n't afford it, and how it came out of what she'd laid up. I felt so ashamed that I could n't speak, and I made up my mind we'd pay her back, if it took ten years to do it. But I felt as if all Eastern Point had jumped up and rolled away off my heart. And still she never scolded nor crowed at us. Never!

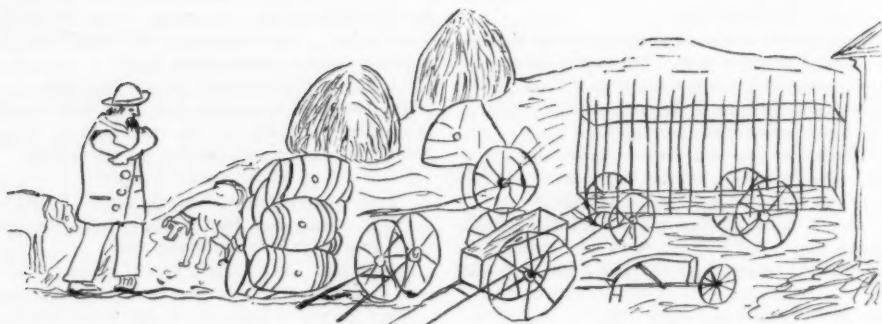
And Frank Starkweather and Tony Guest said there were n't many like her, and they said if we did n't behave ourselves to pay her for it, we'd be poor stuff, and I think so, too.

There is n't any moral to this story, that I know of,—I hate stories with morals tacked on. But I think *this*: I think a good sail-boat is something like a good friend. If you know much of anything, you won't abuse 'em—either of 'em; and if you *don't* know enough to know how to treat 'em, you'd better go without.



THE MOVING OF THE BARN

BY ABBY MORTON DIAZ.



THE BARRELMAN LOOKING AT HIS POSSESSIONS. (FROM A SKETCH BY THE BARRELMAN HIMSELF.)

ONE morning, the barrelman went forth from his house, and stood, with folded arms, looking at his possessions. Carts, carriages, wheel-barrows, barrels, and many other things stood around. And he said, "Behold! I have numbers of carts, car-

riages, wheel-barrows, barrels, and many other things, but have no roof whereunder to shelter them." And he said, "Behold! in North Braintree there stands a barn,—a brown barn, a right goodly barn,—that will shelter my carts, carriages,



DRAWING THE BROWN BARN FROM NORTH BRAINTREE.

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wheel-barrows, barrels, and many other things. This barn will I buy. And I will get oxen,—oxen with their drivers, and moving-men with their stout

And Jerusha stood by the window at home, with her dish of peeled potatoes, watching; for the barrelman had said, "When the barn comes in



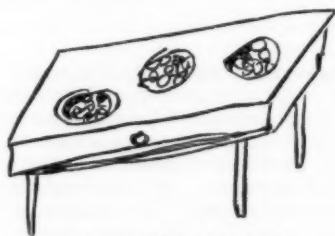
THE BARRELMAN CUTS THE BRANCHES AND THE OWNER COMPLAINS.

wheels and timbers and iron chains; and the barn shall be raised upon the stout wheels, and the oxen shall draw it hither; and there will I shelter my carts and carriages and wheel-barrows and barrels and many other things."

And twenty oxen came, with their drivers, from Quincy and Bridgewater and Randolph and Hing-

sight, put the potatoes in the pot, for all the men from Quincy and Bridgewater and Hingham and Randolph will be hungry, and must have their dinners." So three great kettles were set a-boiling upon the stove, and in them were put meat and cabbages and turnips and potatoes and beets and carrots and many other things. Many hours passed; and after long watching, the great brown barn came in sight, with the oxen and the horses and the drivers with whips. Then ran Jerusha with her peeled potatoes, and dropped them in the pot; and Abigail ran with dishes and knives and forks, to set the table.

Pretty soon, the great brown barn came rolling past the windows on its stout wheels, with all the twenty oxen (twenty horned oxen), and horses



THE DISHES OF PEELLED POTATOES.

ham; also horses and men. And the drivers shouted and cracked their whips, and the horses pulled and the oxen pulled; and so, in this way, the barn was dragged along.

The barn was so high that the telegraph wires had to be cut. And soon they came to a railroad crossing. "Look out for the engine when the bell rings" had to be taken down; also the two posts that held it up. Great trees stood by the roadside, and their branches must be cut that the barn might pass by. So the barrelman climbed up the trees with his hatchet, and began to hack away. Then the man that owned the trees came out, and cried up to the barrelman, "What are you cutting off the branches of my trees for?"



THE KETTLES ON THE STOVE.

(horses with tails), and crowds of men, and troops of boys, and drivers cracking their whips, and

dogs barking and children shouting, and a great "hurrah!" all around. The geese squawked and ran; the hens cackled and ran; the pig squeaked and ran; the cow turned and scampered away,

They all sat round the table, fourteen hungry men, almost half-starved; for it was dark by this time, and they had eaten nothing since early morning, and had walked all the way from Quincy and



THE HORSES AND THE OXEN APPEAR IN SIGHT.

and the two cats did the same; while Jerusha and Abigail, with their long necks out of the window, waved white handkerchiefs.

And, afterwards, the men came in to dinner. Tall men and short men, and lean men and fat men; men with big coats and men with butcher-frocks, and men without any coats at all.

Bridgewater and Randolph and Hingham. Jerusha carried to the table plates heaped with meat and potatoes and cabbages and turnips and beets and carrots and many other things, while a big plum-pudding stood in one corner. And Abigail stood by, with a coffee-pot in one hand and a teapot in the other hand, saying, "Tea or coffee, sir?"



THE FOURTEEN HUNGRY MEN SIT AROUND THE TABLE, AND ABIGAIL SAYS, "TEA OR COFFEE, SIR?"

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HOW MY HERO FOUND A NAME.

By E. A. E.

My story is a true one, and when you have read it, I think you will agree with me that my hero, though small, was not to be despised. He lived in the midst of an old wood, where the tops of the tall trees met, keeping out the sun's light and warmth. Moss-covered stumps and logs lay upon the ground; between them grew the tall ferns and brightly-colored toadstools. Now and then, little scarlet lizards would dart out from under the stones, and scamper off out of sight again at the least noise. My hero was not able to run as fast as they, but he plodded along quietly, doing the best he could, which is all that should be expected of anybody. His home was not in any one place, for he traveled about all day, looking for his dinner, and, when he found it, he generally spent the night near by; this was the most convenient way, for, like a soldier, he carried his tent with him. In fact, it was always on his back, ready for him to run into when an enemy appeared. The dinner he liked best was a kind of toadstool, up the thick stem of which he would creep, and, holding fast to the firm, smooth edge, make a delightful meal. Once he had been shut up in a tiny white egg, no bigger than a part-ridge-berry, and lay with many others carefully tucked away under a soft, mossy blanket; and when he was ready to come out, he ate up his own egg-shell, after which he set off at once to look for something more to eat.

At the time of which I am telling, the house on his back was nearly an inch across, and beautifully striped and spotted with brown and gold. This house, strange to say, grew all the time as he grew, and he was fastened so tightly to it that he could not have left it if he would. His body was flat on the lower side, and, instead of feet, there were a great many little suckers, with which he could hold very fast to a stone or piece of wood, or could walk at his pleasure. By this time you will have found out that he was a snail. I dare say you have often met his brothers and cousins when you have been walking in the woods in summer.

One day, whilst he was carefully climbing up the side of a fallen tree, he heard such a queer noise just above him, that he came very near losing his hold and tumbling back to the ground; but, remembering in time that in that case he might fall against a stone and crack his beautiful shell, he stood still, and listened instead. Two squirrels were talking very hard, while a bird sat near by on a twig, joining in now and then.

"You are nobody," said the biggest squirrel, in a loud, angry tone; "only a little striped thing. What business have you stealing my nuts?"

A timid voice replied: "I am sure I did not think of stealing from anyone."

"You had better not try it again," said the first. "My name is Lord Gray; but you have no name."

"O, dear, yes," sang the bird, merrily; "his name is Chippy, and my name is Robin Redbreast; we are just as good as you, Lord Gray, any day." And away he flew.

"How much they talk about names," thought our little friend, the snail. "Now, I would not tell Lord Gray, but I have no name that I ever heard of. How could I get one, I wonder?"



HELIIX AND THE TOADSTOOLS.

Then, as the two squirrels scampered away, he continued his walk, and was soon over the log. All day long, he thought over this new idea—how he should find a name,—till he forgot all about the fat white toadstools he usually loved, and passed at least a dozen in his walk. He could hardly sleep a wink that night; but, when morning came, feeling hungry, he set off, as usual, in search of a breakfast. On his way, he came to a big rock, and as he never went around anything, no matter how hard it was to climb over, he was just starting up its steep side when, O, horror! something big and white pounced on him, and lifted him quite off his feet. The surprise was so great he forgot to run into his house, and finding himself on a firm standing-place, he ventured to take a few steps, coming to the edge of the hand he was on, and

looking over. This made him dizzy, though; he was so very far from the ground. A young girl had picked him up, and now looked at him admiringly.

"What a beauty!" she said. "I will take him home, and keep him for a pet."

Our hero now retired into his house, refusing to come, out till he thought he felt himself on firm ground again. It was not the ground, however,



A PORTRAIT OF HELIX.

but a broad window-seat, and three pairs of eyes were staring at him.

"What shall I call him?" asked his young mistress.

"How would Helix do?" said one of her companions.

"Beautifully, thank you. Now, he must have a place to live in."

So a large pan was brought, and filled with moss. In the middle they planted a bunch of pure white plants called "Indian pipes," and around the edge, little vines and ferns. This was to be Helix's home.

When he heard himself called by this pretty name, his little heart beat joyfully; he had found what he sought, and was a happy fellow. For din-

ner, instead of a toadstool diet, of which, on the whole, he was rather tired, something new, and very delicious, was put before him. He did not know what it was, but I will tell you. It was sponge-cake, moistened with water. Oh! what a happy time he had now. Plenty of dinners, without the trouble of going in search of them; soft moss to walk over; and, after a time, several other snails came to share his quarters. They had names, too, such as "Sewell," named for the mountain on which they were living, "Fayette," for the county, &c. None, however, was so dear to his mistress' heart as Helix. She watched him growing every day fatter and prettier, and often let him walk all over her hand, holding on so tightly with his soft little feet—or what served the purpose of feet to him. When he wanted to go anywhere, he put out a pair of short horns to feel with; and his eyes were on the ends of a pair of longer horns. All these horns he could draw in close to his head, when he liked.

One unlucky day his mistress was going out to ride on horseback. She was not to return for several hours, and fearing that her precious Helix might wander too far in her absence, she put him under a tumbler on the sill. She never thought about the hot sun, which would by-and-by reach her window; but, after taking a loving look at him, went gaily away. At first, Helix was pretty comfortable, but it began to grow hotter and hotter. He came out of his shell as far as he could for a breath of air, but he could get none. When, after several hours, his mistress returning hastened to let out the captive, she found him stretched out under the burning sun stiff and dead. She took him up tenderly, and sprinkled cold water on him; but when she found it was all of no use, and that help had come too late, she sat down with him in her hand and had a good cry. For besides the fact that she had lost a dear little pet, she blamed herself for forgetting that snails love cool, damp places, and cannot bear the heat of the sun. A picture she had drawn of him was carefully put away with his empty shell, no longer brown and golden, but white and homely; for the little Helix had left his house, and gone where the good snails go.

WEE little house with the golden thatch;
Twice I knocked and I lifted the latch:

"And pray, is the mistress here?"

"In black stuff gown and a yellow vest,
She's busily packing her honey-chest;
Will you taste a bit, my dear?"

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POPSEY'S POSIES.

BY LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY.

THERE were just five of them, ranged in little pots on a shelf in front of Popsey's window, which Five flowering plants; for Popsey was just five years old, and these were the presents received on



POPSEY AND THE BUTTERFLY.

let the sunshine into a quaint little room, in a quaint old house, in the quaint old town of —, on the river Rhine, where Popsey's parents lived. each of her birthdays. Popsey was quite a traveler, for a small child, and the flowers recalled different places. The orange-tree meant Rome; the fuschia,

Paris; the carnation, the Isle of Wight; the rose geranium brought up Brussels; and to-day, being her fifth birthday, her mamma had just cut a slip from the ivy that tried its best to cover the time-battered walls of the old house, and had placed it in the centre of Popsey's conservatory. It was the only present she would have this year, for they were very poor now. Her papa was only just recovering from a wound received two years before; his last picture had been sold, so very, very low; their money was all gone, and there was nothing to live upon till he could paint more. But Popsey did not know this, and she was the jolliest little roly-poly that ever brought sunshine into clouded hours.

This particular morning, as she crooned her merriest song, threw open the window with its old patchwork panes, and climbed up to see her posies, her mamma was saying, "Do not worry, Charlie—you are my treasure;" and her papa replied, impatiently, for the long illness had tried him sorely, "Yes, and you have followed me for the last six years as if I were the pot of gold under the rainbow, and I am just as worthless, and liable to vanish away any moment. No, dear, I do not believe that there is any kind Father who cares for us all. I'm a practical man, and if He wants me to believe any such thing as that, let Him send one of His 'bright-winged messengers' to show us a hidden treasure more available than your poor wreck of a husband."

"Boofle as a butterfly," sang Popsey, as a brightly-tinted butterfly flashed from the fuschia bloom, dazzled her eyes, twinkled through her chubby fingers, settled a moment on a leaf of the carnation, slipped safely away, and quivered off into the bright sunlight as Popsey pounced after it, sending the carnation reeling off the narrow shelf, crashing down upon the tile-paved court below.

Now, look back at the picture, and then I'll commence my story, for I've started five years ahead of it.

I.—THE ORANGE-TREE.

Popsey's mamma was a very beautiful young lady once,—an orphan, traveling with a very rich, very thin, very cross old aunty. They were spending the winter in Rome, and it was here she met Popsey's papa, who was a young artist, talented but poor, like the rest of them. He had rooms opposite their own, and between them lay a little park, where an orange-tree grew over a fountain, and here they often walked and talked together, for they loved each other; but when the cross aunty,—who, by the way, was the

that you have all read about,—found this out, she packed up her trunks and went back to America, intending to take Popsey's mamma with her. But instead of that, the young lady wreathed her beautiful head with a spray of blossoms from the orange-tree, married the poor artist, and stayed with him in Rome for two years.

When they went to Paris, Popsey was just a year old, and as a birthday gift, and for the sake of the associations that clustered about it, they carried with them a cutting from the orange-tree in the park.

II.—THE FUSCHIA.

The young artist and his little wife took rooms in a cheap quarter of Paris, on the third floor. They were back rooms, too, for Honorine had the front one for her costumes, which she let for fancy-dress balls. Popsey liked the gay colors, and Honorine was fond of children, so the little one was often there. Honorine lent her papa costumes too, in which he would dress up his models for the great historical picture he was painting, and he paid Honorine for their use as much as he could afford, so that they helped one another. Popsey liked to sit at Honorine's window and look out at the street. She had a stand of flowers here, and Popsey liked the fuschia best, because the blossoms looked like little opera-dancers in fancy costumes of purple petticoats and scarlet over-skirts; and Honorine would kindly pick off a number of them for Popsey to play with. There was a pleasant, round-faced, pink-cheeked, little doctor who went by the house every day, on his way to and from the hospital. He liked children as much as Honorine, and the sight of this little tot, gravely dancing her flower-dolls on the window-seat, amused him; and his amusement attracted Popsey's attention, so that every time he went by she would drop him one of her little posies, and he would tuck the wee thing in his button-hole, smile, kiss his hand to her, and pass on. Sometimes he saw Honorine's pale, sad face in the background, and it interested him quite as much as Popsey's had. Honorine's face was sad because she knew now, that do what she might, she could not make her living out of the costumes, and she did not know what was to come next.

One day the doctor missed Popsey at the window, and he ran up the stairs to inquire for her. Honorine gave him his fuschia instead, and made it into such a pretty little button-hole knot, and fastened it in so neatly that, after that, the doctor ran up stairs for it every day before Popsey could drop it out of the window to him.

On Popsey's next birthday, she found things in a strange commotion in Honorine's room. An old

Old lady all dressed in silk,
Who lived upon lemons and butter-milk,

Jew, with a hooked nose, came and bought her costumes. Her own small trunk was packed, too, and the little doctor was on his knees before it, tacking one of his own cards on the end—only, there was a "Madame" written before his name. All the flower-pots were wrapped up in papers, and Popsey, in her great astonishment at such proceedings as these, sat down on what she supposed was an ottoman, but which proved to be the fuschia. It was broken off near the ground, and Honorine gave the pot to Popsey as a good-by birthday gift. After a time, the fuschia sent up another stalk, and it and the orange-cutting grew very lovingly on together.

III.—THE CARNATION-PINK.

When Popsey was almost three years old, the war between France and Prussia broke out, and foreigners were obliged to leave Paris. Popsey and her parents went to the Isle of Wight. Here she had grand times walking with her mamma on the beach, and digging in the wet sand with her little shovel. A fussy, eccentric old gentleman, who used to be wheeled about in an invalid's chair, asked her name one day. "Blessed Baby," replied Popsey; and from that moment he took a great fancy to her, and they had many merry hours together. He had hosts of curiosities, among them quite a number of snuff-boxes. Each of them had a story connected with it, and all of these stories he told her. Popsey, in return, told him all she could about her posies, and her mamma gave their histories in a more definite manner.

The old gentleman was so much interested that, on Popsey's next birthday, he presented her with a flower-pot, in which the earth was tightly packed, telling her that it contained the seed of a very wonderful plant, but that she must not be impatient for it to grow, though, if it did not come up by the time she was old enough to study botany, she might dig down to see what was the matter. His eyes twinkled as he said this, and he looked very merry, and Popsey's mamma thought him a very peculiar old gentleman. He was as kind as odd, however, for he introduced her papa to the editor of a London paper, who engaged him, on liberal terms, to follow the German army, and make sketches for him. Popsey and her mamma staid at the Isle of Wight, and shortly after, the strange old gentleman went away to his own home, and they never saw him again. They could not quite make out what he meant, for, after awhile, a carnation-pink sprang up from his flower-pot, and that was not such a strange plant, for they were very common in all the gardens that season, so that

a stray seed might have been sown there by the wind, even.

IV.—THE ROSE GERANIUM.

In the next summer, bad news came from Popsey's papa. He had been wounded in one of the battles, and her mamma set out at once with Popsey and the posies to go and nurse him. So, from Dover, they went to Ostend, and thence to Brussels; but on the way her mamma was taken sick, and when the poor lady arrived in Brussels she was too ill to go farther, and might have died in the streets, had she not been taken to the hospital, where she was nursed back to health by the good Sisters of Mercy. When she recovered she found that the state of the country was such that it would be impossible for her to take Popsey with her, so she was "left until called for" with the sisters. Her posies stood inside a grated window, with one little sprig of rose geranium, which belonged to the dear sweet Sœur Clotilde, and had a story of its own, too, for it had been sent from her lover's grave. She died while Popsey was there, and was laid away to sleep in the convent-yard, with geranium blossoms clasped with her rosary in her pale fingers; and when Popsey and her posies were sent for, the geranium went, too.

V.—THE IVY

Had been given Popsey this very morning, which, you will remember, was her fifth birthday; and she had made her father's heart glad with her joyous prattle, but she could not make him quite forget that the money was all gone, and though he was well enough now to work, there was nothing left to keep them till he could realize something from his work, and this was why he spoke so bitterly and distrustfully. And Popsey, at the window, crooned away her mixture of all songs:

Darling Popsey Wopsey Chickabiddy Chum,
Boodle as a butterfly, O, my dacious!
Her knocked her 'nation-pink yight off 'e winny-sill!

Popsey and her mamma went down to gather up the fragments. The poor carnation was ruined, so was the flower-pot; but from the earth rolled one of the queer old gentleman's snuff-boxes, and from the snuff-box they took a crumpled yellow paper, and on the paper was written:

BANK OF ENGLAND.
Pay to Miss POPSEY PALMER, One
Hundred Pounds.
NELSON DEDHAM, M.P.

HOW THE LITTLE BIRD WENT TO SEA.

By F. V. W.



Two little birds sat in a nest,
 All on a summer's day.
 Said one, "I think it's far too warm,
 You'd better fly away.
 Away, away, away,
 You'd better fly away!"

"This tiny nest, it is so snug
 There's only room for me;
 And as for you, I really think
 You'd better go to sea.
 To sea, to sea, to sea,
 You'd better go to sea!"

Off flew the other in a miff,—
 At least so runs the tale,—
 And coming to a tender ship,
 He lit upon the sail.
 The sail, the sail, the sail,
 He lit upon the sail.

Now, sailors of a tender ship
 Are always very kind;
 They said, "You little bird, stay there,
 So be't you have a mind.
 A mind, a mind, a mind,
 So be't you have a mind."

Said he, "Full thankful swells my heart
 To hear such friendly tones;
 This ship I'll ne'er forsake until
 It goes to Davy Jones.
 D. Jones, D. Jones, D. Jones,
 It goes to Davy Jones!"

"Good-bye, good-bye, my faithless friend!"
 Then sang he loud and long;
 And folded both his little wings—
 The ship sailed on and on.
 And on, and on, and on,
 The ship sailed on and on!

And that it may be sailing yet,
 Nobody can deny;
 The sailors singing with the bird:
 "My faithless friend, good-bye!
 Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye,
 My faithless friend, good-bye!"

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WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE FIRST BUSINESS TELEGRAMS.

WHEN Harry jumped from the tree, he came down on his feet, in water not quite up to his waist; and then he pushed in towards dry land as fast as he could go. In a few minutes, he stood in the midst of the colored family, his trousers and coat-tails dripping, and his shoes feeling like a pair of wet sponges.

"Ye ought to have rolled up yer pants and tooked off yer shoes and stockin's afore ye jumped, Mah'sr Harry," said the woman.

"I wish I had taken off my shoes," said Harry.

The woman at whose cabin Harry found himself was Charity Allen, and a good, sensible woman she was. She made Harry hurry into the house, and she got him her husband's Sunday trousers, which she had just washed and ironed, and insisted on his putting them on, while she dried his own. She hung his stockings and his coat before the fire, and made one of the boys rub his shoes with a cloth so as to dry them as much as possible before putting them near the fire.

Harry was very impatient to be off, but Charity was so certain that he would catch his death of cold if he started before his clothes were dry that he allowed himself to be persuaded to wait.

And then she fried some salt pork, on which, with a great piece of corn bread, he made a hearty meal, for he was very hungry.

"Have you had your dinner, Charity?" he asked.

"Oh yes, Mah'sr Harry; long time ago," she said.

"Then it must be pretty late," said Harry, anxiously.

"Oh, no!" said she; "'t aint late. I reckon it can't be much mor' 'n four o'clock."

"Four o'clock!" shouted Harry, jumping up in such a hurry that he like to have tripped himself in Uncle Oscar's trousers, which were much too long for him. "Why, that's dreadfully late. Where can the day have gone? I must be off, right away!"

So much had happened since morning, that it was no wonder that Harry had not noticed how the hours had flown.

The ride to the creek, the discussions there, the delay in getting the boat, the passage down the

stream, which was much longer than Harry had imagined, and the time he had spent in the tree and in the cabin, had, indeed, occupied the greater part of the day.

And even now he was not able to start. Though he urged her as much as he could, he could not make Charity understand that it was absolutely necessary that he must have his clothes, wet or dry; and he did not get them until they were fit to put on. And then his shoes were not dry, but, as he intended to run all the way to Aunt Judy's cabin, that did not matter so much.

"How far is it to Aunt Judy's?" he asked, when at last he was ready to start.

"Well, I reckons it's 'bout six or seven miles, Mah'sr Harry," said Charity.

"Six or seven miles!" exclaimed Harry. "When shall I get there!"

"Now don't hurry and git yese'f all in a heat," said Charity. "Jist keep along dis path fru de woods till ye strike de road, and that'll take ye straight to de bridge. Wish I had a mule to len' ye."

"Good-by, Charity," cried Harry. "I'm ever so much obliged." And hurriedly searching his vest pockets, he found a ten cent note and a few pennies, which he gave to the children, who grinned in silent delight, and then he started off on a run.

But he did not run all the way.

Before long he began to tire a little, and then he settled down into a fast walk. He felt that he must hurry along as fast as he was able. The fortunes of the Crooked Creek Telegraph Company depended upon him. If the company failed in this, its first opportunity, there was no hope for it.

So on he walked, and before very long he struck the main road. Here he thought he should be able to get along faster, but there was no particular reason for it. In fact, the open road was rather rougher than that through the woods. But it was cooler here than under the heavy, overhanging trees.

And now Harry first noticed that the sun was not shining. At least, it was behind the western hills. It must be growing very late, he thought.

On he went, for a mile or two, and then it began to grow dusky. Night was surely coming on.

At a turn in the wood, he met a negro boy with a tin bucket on his head. Harry knew him. It was Tom Haskins.

"Hello, Tom!" said Harry, stopping for a moment, "I want you."

"What you want, Mah'sr Harry?" asked Tom.

"I want you to come to Aunt Judy's cabin and carry some messages over to Hetertown for me."

"When you want me?" said Tom; "to-morrow mornin'?"

"No; I want you to-night. Right away. I'll pay you."

"To-night!" cried the astonished Tom. "Go ober dar in de dark! Can't do dat, Mah'sr Harry. Ise 'fraid to go fru de woods in de dark."

"Nonsense," cried Harry. "Nothing's going to hurt you. Come on over."

"Can't do it, Mah'sr Harry, no how," said Tom.

"Ise got ter tote dis hyar buttermilk home; dey's a-waitin' fur it now. But p'r'aps Jim 'll go fur you. He kin borry a mule and go fur you, Mah'sr Harry, I spects."

"Well, tell Jim to get a mule and come to Aunt Judy's just as quick as he can. I'll pay him right well."

"Dat's so, Mah'sr Harry; Jim 'll go 'long fur ye. I'll tell him."

"Now be quick about it," cried Harry. "I'm in a great hurry." And off he started again.

But as he hurried along, his legs began to feel stiff and his feet were sore. He had walked very fast, so far, but now he was obliged to slacken his pace.

And it grew darker and darker. Harry thought he had never seen night come on so fast. It was certainly a long distance from Charity's cabin to Aunt Judy's.

At last he reached the well-known woods near the bridge, and off in a little opening, he saw Aunt Judy's cabin. It was so dark now that he would not have known it was a cabin, had he not been so familiar with it.

Curiously enough, there was no light to be seen in the house. Harry hurried to the door and found it shut. He tried to open it, and it was locked. Had Aunt Judy gone away? She never went away; it was foolish to suppose such a thing.

He knocked upon the door, and receiving no answer, he knocked louder, and then he kicked. In a minute or two, during which he kept up a continual banging and calling on the old woman, he heard a slight movement inside. Then he knocked and shouted, "Aunt Judy!"

"Who dar?" said a voice within.

"It's me! Harry Loudon!" cried Harry. "Let me in!"

"What ye want dar?" said Aunt Judy. "Go 'way from dar."

"I want to come in. Open the door."

"Can't come in hyar. Ise gone to bed."

"But I must come in," cried Harry, in desperation; "I've got to work the line. They're waiting for me. Open the door, do you hear, Aunt Judy?"

"Go 'way wid yer line," said Aunt Judy, crossly. "Ise abed. Come in der mornin'. Time enough in de day time to work lines."

Harry now began to get angry. He found a stone and he banged the door. He threatened Aunt Judy with the law. He told her she had no right to go to bed and keep the company out of their station, when the creek was up; but, from her testy answers, his threats seemed to have made but little impression upon her. She did n't care if they stopped her pay, or fined her, or sent her to prison. She never heard of "sich business, a-wakin' people out of their beds in the middle o' the night fur dem foolin' merchises."

But Harry's racket had a good effect, after all. It woke up Aunt Judy, and, after a time, she got out of bed, uncovered the fire, blew up a little blaze, lighted a candle, and putting on some clothes, came and opened the door, grumbling all the time.

"Now den," said she, holding the candle over her head, and looking like a black Witch of Endor, just out of the ground, "What you want?"

"I want to come in," said Harry.

"Well, den, come in," said she.

Harry was not slow to enter, and having made Aunt Judy bring him two candles, which he told her the company would pay for, he set to work to get his end of the line in working order.

When all was ready, he sat down to the instrument and "called" Harvey.

He felt very anxious as he did this. How could he be sure that Harvey was there? What a long time for that poor fellow to wait, without having any assurance that Harry would get across the creek at all, much less reach his post, and go to work.

"He may suppose I'm drowned," thought Harry, "and he may have gone home to tell the folks."

But there was such a sterling quality about Harvey that Harry could not help feeling that he would find him in his place when he telegraphed to him, no matter how great the delay or how doubtful the passage of the creek.

But when he called there was no answer.

Still he kept the machine steadily ticking. He would not give up hoping that Harvey was there, although his heart beat fast with nervous anxiety. So far, he had not thought that his family might be frightened about him. He knew he was safe, and that had been enough. He had not thought about other people.

But as these ideas were running through his head and troubling him greatly, there came a "tick, tick" from the other side, then more of them, but they meant nothing. Some one was there who could not work the instrument.

Then suddenly came a message:

Is that you, Harry?

Joyfully, Harry answered:

Yes. Who wants to know?

The answer was:

Your father. He has just waked me up.—HARVEY.

With a light heart, Harry telegraphed, as briefly as possible, an account of his adventures; and then his father sent a message, telling him that the family had heard that he had been carried away, and had been greatly troubled about him, and that men had ridden down the stream after him, and had not returned, and that he, Mr. Loudon, had just come to Lewston's cabin, hoping for news by telegraph. Harvey had been there all day. Mr. Loudon said he would now hurry home with the good news, but before bidding his son good night, he told him that he must not think of returning until the creek had fallen. He must stay at Aunt Judy's, or go over to Hetertown.

When this had been promised, and a message sent to his mother and Kate, Harry hastened to business. He telegraphed to Harvey to transmit the company's messages as fast as he could; a boy would soon be there to take them over to Hetertown. The answer came:

What messages?

Then Harry suddenly remembered that he had had the messages in the breast-pocket of his coat all the time!

He dived at his pocket. Yes, there they were!

Was there ever such a piece of absurdity? He had actually carried those despatches across the creek! After all the labor and expense of building the telegraph, this had been the way that the first business messages had crossed Crooked Creek!

When Harry made this discovery he burst out laughing. Why, he might as well have carried them to Hetertown from Charity's cabin. It would really have been better, for the distance was not so great.

Although he laughed, he felt a little humiliated. How Tom Selden, and indeed everybody, would laugh if they knew it!

But there was no need to tell everybody, and so when he telegraphed the fact to Harvey, he enjoined secrecy. He knew he could trust Harvey.

And now he became anxious about Jim. Would he be able to borrow a mule, and would he come?

Every few minutes he went to the door and listened for the sound of approaching hoofs, but

nothing was to be heard but the low snoring of Aunt Judy, who was fast asleep in a chair by the fireplace.

While thus waiting, a happy thought came into Harry's head. He opened the messages,—he had a right to do that, of course, as he was an operator and had undertaken to transmit them,—and he telegraphed them, one by one, to Harvey, with instructions to him to send them back to him.

"They shall come over the creek on our line, anyway," said Harry to himself.

It did not take long to send them and to receive them again, for there were only three of them. Then Harvey sent a message, congratulating Harry on this happy idea, and also suggested that he, Harvey, should now ride home, as it was getting late, and it was not likely that there would be any more business that night.

Harry agreed to this, urging Harvey to return early in the morning, and then he set to work to write out the messages. The company had not yet provided itself with regular forms, but Harry copied the telegrams carefully on note-paper, with which, with pen and ink, each station was furnished, writing them, as far as possible, in the regular form and style of the ordinary telegraphic dispatch. Then he put them in an envelope and directed them to Mr. Lyons, at Hetertown, endorsing them "In haste. To be transmitted to destination immediately."

"Now then," thought he, "nobody need know how these came over in the first place, until we choose to tell them, and we wont do that until we've sent over some messages in the regular way, and have proved that our line is really of some use. And we wont charge the Mica Company anything for these dispatches. But yet, I don't know about that. I certainly brought them over, and trouble enough I had to do it. I'll see about charging, after I've talked it over with somebody. I reckon I'll ask father about that. And I have n't delayed the messages, either; for I've been waiting for Jim. I wonder where that boy can be!" And again Harry went out of doors to listen.

Had he known that Jim was at that moment fast asleep in his bed at home, Harry need not have gone to the door so often.

At last our operator began to be very sleepy, and having made up his mind that if Jim arrived he would certainly wake him up, he aroused Aunt Judy, who was now too sleepy to scold, and having succeeded in getting her to lend him a blanket (it was her very best blanket, which she kept for high days and holidays, and if she had been thoroughly awake she would not have lent it for the purpose), and having spread it on the floor, he lay down on it and was soon asleep.

Aunt Judy blew out one of the candles and set the other on the hearth. Then she stumbled drowsily into the next room and shut the door after her. In a few minutes every living creature in and about the place was fast asleep, excepting some tree-frogs and Katy-dids outside, who seemed to have made up their minds to stay up all night.

CHAPTER XXV.

PROFITS AND PROJECTS.

THE next morning, Harry was up quite early, and after having eaten a very plain breakfast, which Aunt Judy prepared for him, he ran down to the creek to see what chance there was for business.

There seemed to be a very good chance, for the creek had not fallen, that was certain. If there was any change at all, the water seemed a little higher than it was before.

Before long, Harvey arrived on the other side, accompanied by Tom Selden and Wilson Ogden, who were very anxious to see how matters would progress, now that there was some real work to do.

The boys sent messages and greetings backward and forward to each other for about an hour, and then old Miles arrived with his mail-bag, which contained quite a number of telegrams, this time.

Not only were there those on the business of the Mica Company, but Mr. Darby, the storekeeper at Akeville, thought it necessary to send a message to Hetertown by the new line, and there were two or three other private telegrams, that would probably never have been sent had it not been for the novelty of the thing.

But that rascal, Jim Haskins, did not make his appearance, and when Harry found that it was not likely that he would come at all, he induced Aunt Judy to go out and look for some one to carry the telegrams to Hetertown. Harry had just finished copying the messages,—and this took some time, for he wrote each one of them in official form,—when Aunt Judy returned, bringing with her a telegraphic messenger.

It was Uncle Braddock.

"Here's a man to take yer letters," said Aunt Judy, as she ushered in the old man.

Harry looked up from his table in surprise.

"Why, Uncle Braddock," said he, "you can't carry these telegrams. I want a boy, on a mule or a horse, to go as fast as he can."

"Lor' bress ye, Mah'sr Harry," said the old negro, "I kin git along fas' enough." Aunt Judy said ye wanted Jim an' Nobleses mule; but dat dar mule he back hindwards jist about as much as he walks frontwards. I jist keep right straight along, an' I kin beat dat dar ole mule, all holler.

Jist gim me yer letters, an' I'll tote 'em ober dar fur ten cents. Ye see I wuz cotched on dis side de creek, an' wuz jist comin ober to see Aunt Judy when she telled me ob dis job. I'll tote yer letters, Mah'sr Harry, fur ten cents fur de bag-full."

"I have n't a bag-full," said Harry; "but I reckon you'll have to take them. There's nobody else about, it seems, and I can't leave the station."

So Uncle Braddock was engaged as telegraph-boy, and Harry having promised him twenty cents to go to Hetertown and to return with any telegrams that were there awaiting transmission to the other side of the creek, the old man set off with his little package, in high good humor with the idea of earning money by no harder work than walking a few miles.

Shortly after noon, he returned with a few messages from Hetertown, and by that time there were some for him to carry back. So he made two trips and forty cents that day,—quite an income for Uncle Braddock.

In the evening, Jim Haskins made his appearance with his mule. He said his brother had n't told him anything about Harry's wanting him until that afternoon. Notwithstanding Uncle Braddock's discouraging account of the mule, Jim was engaged as messenger during the time that the creek should be up, and Uncle Braddock was promised a job whenever an important message should come during Jim's absence.

The next day it rained, and the creek was up, altogether, for five days. During this time the telegraph company did a good deal of paying business. Harry remained at his station, and boarded and lodged with Aunt Judy. He frequently sent messages to his father and mother and Kate, and never failed, from an early hour in the morning until dark, to find the faithful Harvey at his post.

At last the creek "fell," and the bridge became again passable to Miles and his waddling horse. The operators disconnected their wires, put their apparatus in order, locked the wooden cases over their instruments, and rode in triumph (Mr. Loudon had come in the buggy for Harry) to Akeville.

Harry was received with open arms by his mother and Kate; and Mrs. Loudon declared that this should be the last time that he should go on such an expedition.

She was right.

The next afternoon there was a meeting of the Board of Managers of the Crooked Creek Telegraph Company, and the Secretary, having been hard at work all the morning, with the assistance of the Treasurer and the President, made a report of the financial results of the recent five days' working of the company's line.

It is not necessary to go into particulars, but

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when the sums due the company from the Mica Company and sundry private individuals had been set down on the one side, and the amounts due from the telegraph company to Aunt Judy for candles and board and lodging for one operator; to Uncle Braddock and Jim Haskins for services as messengers; to Hiram Anderson for damages to boat (found near the river, stuck fast among some fallen timber, with one end badly battered by floating logs), and for certain extras in the way of additional stationery, etc., which it had become neces-

"But they did n't amount to so very much," said Kate, who, as Treasurer, was present at the meeting. "Aunt Judy only charged a dollar and a-half for Harry's board, and the boat was only a dollar. And all the other expenses would have to be expected any time."

After some further conversation on the subject, it was thought best to attend to present business rather than future prospects, and to appoint committees to collect the money due the company.

Harry and Tom Selden were delegated to visit



THE "AUNT JUDY" TELEGRAPH STATION.

sary to procure from Hetertown, had been set down on the other side, and the difference between the sums total had been calculated, it was found, and duly reported, that the company had made six dollars and fifty-three cents.

This was not very encouraging. It was seldom that the creek was up more than five days at a time, and so this was a very favorable opportunity of testing the value of the line as a money-making concern.

It was urged, however, by the more sanguine members of the board that this was not a fair trial. There had been many expenses which probably would not have to be incurred again.

the mica-mine people, while Harvey, Wilson Ogden and Brandeth Price composed the committee to collect what was due from private individuals.

Before Harry started for the mica mine, he consulted his father in regard to charging full price for the telegrams which he carried across the creek in his pocket.

Mr. Loudon laughed a good deal at the transaction, but he told Harry that there was no reason why he should not charge for those telegrams. He had certainly carried them over in the first place, and the subsequent double transmission over the wire was his own affair.

When Harry and Tom rode over to the mica

mine the next morning, and explained their business and presented their bill, their account was found to be correct, and the amount of the bill was promptly handed to them.

When this little business had been transacted, Mr. Martin, the manager of the mine, invited them to sit down in his office and have a talk.

"This line of yours," said he, "is not going to pay you."

"Why not?" asked Harry, somewhat disturbed in mind by this sudden statement of what he had already begun to fear was an unpleasant truth.

"It *has* paid us," said Tom Selden. "Why, we've only been working it five days, on regular business, and we've cleared—well, we've cleared considerable."

"That may be," said the manager, smiling, "but you can't have made very much, for you must have had a good many expenses. The principal reason why I think it won't pay you is that you have to keep up two stations, and you all live on this side of the creek. I've heard that one of you had a hard time getting over the creek last week."

"That was Harry," said Tom.

"So I supposed," said Mr. Martin; "and it must have been a pretty dangerous trip. Now it won't do to do that sort of thing often; and you can't tell when the creek's going to rise, so as to be over before the bridge is flooded."

"That's true," said Harry. "Crooked Creek does n't give much notice when it's going to rise."

"No, it don't," continued Mr. Martin. "And it won't do, either, for any one of you to live on the other side, just to be ready to work the line in time of freshets. The creek is n't up often enough to make that pay."

"But what can we do?" asked Harry. "You surely don't think we're going to give up this telegraph line just as it begins to work, and after all the money that's been spent on it, and the trouble we've had?"

"No, I don't think you are the kind of fellows to give up a thing so soon, and we don't want you to give it up, for it's been a great deal of use to us already. What I think you ought to do is to run your line from the other side of the creek to Hetertown. Then you'd have no trouble at all. When the creek was up you could go down and work this end, and an arrangement could easily be made to have the operator at Hetertown work the other end, and then it would be all plain sailing. He could send the telegrams right on, on the regular

line, and there would be no trouble or expense with messengers from the creek over to Hetertown."

"That would be a splendid plan," said Harry, "but it would cost like everything to have a long line like that."

"It would n't cost very much," said Mr. Martin. "There are pine woods nearly all the way, by the side of the road, and so it would n't cost much for poles. And you've got the instruments for that end of the line. All you'll have to do would be to take them over to Hetertown. You would n't have to spend any money except for wire and for trimming off the trees and putting up the wire."

"But that would be more than we could afford," said Tom Selden. "You ought just to try to make the people about here subscribe to anything, and you'd see what trouble it is to raise money out of them."

"O, I don't think you need let the want of money enough to buy a few miles of wire prevent your putting up a really useful line," said Mr. Martin; "our company would be willing to help you about that, I'm sure."

"If you'd help, that would make it altogether another thing," said Harry; "but you'd have to help a good deal."

"Well, we would help a good deal," said Mr. Martin. "It would be to our benefit, you know, to have a good line. That's what we want, and we're willing to put some money in it. I suppose there'd be no difficulty in getting permission to put up the line on the land between the creek and Hetertown?"

"O no!" said Harry. "A good part of the woods along the road belong to father, and none of the people along there would object to us boys putting up our line on their land."

"I thought they would n't," said Mr. Martin. "I'll talk to our people about this, and see what they think of it."

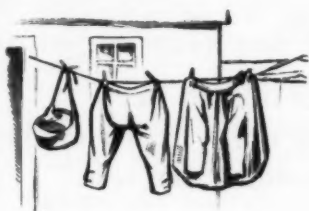
As Harry and Tom rode home, Harry remarked: "Mr. Martin's a trump, is n't he? I hope the rest of the mica mine people will agree with him."

"I don't believe they will," said Tom. "Why, you see they'd have to pay for the whole thing, and I reckon they won't be in a hurry to do that. But would n't we have a splendid line if they were to do it?"

"I should say so," said Harry. "It's almost too good a thing to expect. I'm afraid Mr. Martin won't feel quite so generous when he calculates what it will cost."

(To be continued.)

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HERE are some pictures that illustrate a story. But the story has yet to be told, and we want our young readers to tell it. Who will try? Every one of you? Good! We shall be glad to hear from all,—from the youngest as well as from boys and girls in their teens; and the very best of all the stories that come to us before August 15th, shall be printed in the magazine. We must request that it shall be neatly written, on one side of the paper only, and contain not over one thousand words. The pictures may be brought in the story in any order the writer may desire.

DOCTOR WILLIE.

ONE rainy day, Susie was singing her doll to sleep.

"There, darling!" she said, putting dolly in her cradle;
"now you are asleep, and your poor mamma can rest."



Just then her brother Willie came into the room. He wanted to play with somebody, and so he said :

"Oh, Susie! Let us play that Dolly is sick, and that you are the mother and I am the doctor."

Susie was all smiles and delight in a minute. She patted

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her doll, saying tenderly, "Don't cry, darling; the doctor is coming to make you well."

Willie put on his papa's coat, took out his toy-watch, and making his boots creak, walked up to Susie with:

"How do you do, Mrs. Brown?"

"How do you do, Doctor?" said Susie.

"How is the baby to-day?" asked Doctor Willie.

"Very sick," said its mother.

"Does she sleep at night?" said the doctor.

"No, never! And she has only one arm."

"Indeed!" said the doctor. "Then it must be measles. Let me feel her pulse."

"Would you like to feel her pulse in her other arm, too?" asked Susie. "May be I can find it."

"No," this will do," said the doctor. "You must give her some peppermint and put her in a warm bath."

Susie jumped up to put some water on the stove to get warm, when just then the golden sunshine flashed out, and a great piece of blue sky appeared through a rift in the clouds.

Dolly did not get the warm bath, but was put to sleep instead, while her little mamma and the doctor ran joyfully out, to play in the garden.

FROGGY boggy

Tried to jump

On a stone,

And got a bump.



It made his eyes

Wink and frown

And turned his nose

Upside down.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

How are you, my dears? Very warm, you say? That is because you don't stand out in the dew all night and cool off, as Jack does. I've several things to tell you about this time. First of all, we'll have

WATER ON FIRE.

CAN water be set on fire? If not, then how is it and why is it that the ocean sometimes looks as if it were all in flames? A macaw, a great friend of the robins who come to see me, says that the ship that brought him from South America passed through water that sometimes looked like a mass of fire, but that nothing was burned by it. The macaw tells me that the people on the ship said the flame was a kind of phos—phos—something; phos—phos—O dear! I can't remember now what sort of light it was! Can't some of you find out and tell me?

GEESE AND LIGHTNING.

DURING a thunderstorm in Yuba County, Cal., a large number of wild geese were killed. The storm came up late in the afternoon. First a little snow, then hail and rain and thunder and lightning. The birds rose from the marsh when the hail began to fall; then it was dark; but the next morning the country about was strewn with dead geese, some with their heads badly torn and their beaks split, and others with the feathers on their backs crisp and singed.

I felt very sorry for the poor geese when I heard a bright little chap read this paragraph the other day from a New York paper, but I could n't help having a little laugh all to myself at remembering the conversation of two girls I had heard the day before.

"O!" said one, "lightning just scares me to death. Mother nor nobody else can do anything with me when it lightens. I always tie a silk handkerchief on my head, and run as hard as I can to throw myself on a feather bed."

"That's the only way, dear; I don't blame you one bit," said the other. "Feathers and silk are perfect non-conductors of electricity, pa says; so ma and I always go and sit on the spare-room feather bed, with a silk quilt on it, till the lightning is over. We're perfectly safe there, of course."

"Ah, well," says I to myself, remembering these two girls, and thinking of those poor birds on the

Yuba plains, "lightning is pretty much the same everywhere, and so are feathers, whether they are on a goose's back or stuffed in a bed-tick; the difference in safety must be in the position of the goose, whether it is inside of the feathers or outside of them."

Hold! if those other geese had only known enough to tie silk handkerchiefs around their heads all might have been well!

BUILT OF SEA SHELLS.

I've just heard of a very wonderful thing. The houses and churches and palaces of the big and beautiful city of Paris are almost all made of *sea-shells*!

This is how it happened:

Some hundreds of thousands of years ago, the waters of the ocean rolled over the spot where Paris now stands. Under the ocean waves lived and died millions and millions and millions of tiny sea-shell animals. By-and-by, after a great, great many years, the ocean waters no longer rolled over this spot, and the very, very big piles—I might say, indeed, the mountains—of dead shells were left for the sun to shine on, the winds to blow on, and the rains to fall on for many centuries more, till the shells had hardened into rocks. Then, after hundreds and hundreds of years more, men came and began to build houses. They dug in the earth, and found the sea-shell stone, with which they built the beautiful houses and churches and palaces for which Paris is so famous. And yet the poor little sea-shells that lived and died so long ago, never get the least bit of credit for all that they did for the fine city! Perhaps, though, they don't care. At any rate, *we* will remember them, and that will be something.

While we are talking about this matter, it may be as well to remember that a great many of the rocks in different parts of the world were made of sea-shells and fresh-water shells in just about the same way that the stone of Paris came to be ready for the builders.

ANTS IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

A HUMMING-BIRD has been telling me about some of her neighbors away down South, where she spends the winter.

The thriest people in Central America are the smallest—the ants. Some of them are wonderful workers. There is one kind, a sort of wee, wee truffle-growers, who live together in immense swarms, and do such a deal of cutting up, that it is almost as much as the forests can do to stand against them.

They are called leaf-cutters, for the reason that they send out armies of thousands and thousands to bring in leaves, which they cut from the trees in such quantities that whole plantations of mango, orange and lemon-trees are sometimes stripped and killed.

Do they eat the leaves? Not at all. They live on funny little truffles, or fungi, of their own raising. They use the leaves only to make hotbeds for their dainty plants, in chambers under ground.

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A beetle who was born in one of their cellar chambers told the humming-bird about them.

One colony of leaf-cutters will have a great many of these cellar chambers, all united by tunnels, for quick transit, and well supplied with what builders call ventilating shafts; for the ants are very particular about having plenty of fresh air. These shafts reach to the surface of the ground. Each chamber is about as large as a man's head, and is kept a little more than half full of cut leaves, overgrown with the small white fungus which the ants cultivate for food.

There are three kinds of ants in each colony: the workers, who go off to the woods for leaves, and have all the outside work to do; some very small ants, who stay at home and spend their time cutting up the leaves that are brought in, and taking care of the baby ants; and a few gigantic fellows, who manage things, and do all the fighting in time of war. Let any enemy disturb the workers going out for leaves or bringing them home, and instantly the soldiers will rush out in force, with their big jaws wide open, and settle things in short order. The little nurses come out sometimes, too, but only for fun or exercise. When they have n't anything to do, and the weather is fine, they like to take a run out with the workers, but they do not bring any loads back. When one of them gets tired, he just climbs up on a leaf that a worker is bringing in,—as you might climb up on a load of hay,—and so enjoys a nice ride home.

WHY PENKNIVES?

IS N'T it about time that people stopped talking about *penknives*? In my opinion, pencil-knife would be a far more fitting term. Now, in old times, the house-canaries used to tell us Jack-in-the-Pulpits how human folk wrote altogether with the quills of the grey-geese family, and that as it was a necessary accomplishment for ladies and gentlemen to know how to make a pen, everyone wished to have a very sharp knife for the purpose. Hence it was quite a recommendation to any knife to call it a penknife. But who uses penknives now-a-days? Very few, if the birds know anything about it. Gold pens, steel pens, and even India-rubber pens have left the goose question nowhere, as far as people in general are concerned; and the few folk who use "quills" rarely take a so-called penknife to them. They use patent quill-cutters,—that is, when they don't buy the quill-pens ready made,—yes, patent quill-cutters, that open their brass mouths with a click and bite the quills into pens before you can say Jack Robinson.

So, my boys and girls, let's put an end to this small sham, and abolish the word penknife. Call the useful article with which you do so much damage a pocket-knife, a furniture-scratcher, a chest-nut-peeler, a chip-maker, anything but what it is n't—a penknife.

A FUNNY ENCAMPMENT.

ALL the birds that I personally know, build their nests upon, or hanging from, the branches of trees, or in hollow stumps, or in the banks of brooks, or in the grass, or in bushes, or about houses and

barns. But a few days ago a wild goose, on his way North, stopped to rest a little while and gossip with me. He told me of a sort of bird, named the gorfou, which does not build nests, but lays out big encampments in squares, with streets between. Each pair of gorfous owns a square, on which its eggs are laid. Thus the square becomes the gorfou's house, and when he and his mate walk out they must keep strictly in the streets and not step into the houses of the other birds, or they would cause a great disturbance in the gorfous' camp.

WATER RUNNING UP HILL.

DID any of you ever see water run up hill? I've always kept my eyes open (at least, when I was awake), but as long as I've looked at the brook that flows near my pulpit, I've never yet seen it try to run up hill. But a bird who heard a naval officer talking about it, told this to me:

There is, in the big Atlantic ocean, a warm-water river or current, called the Gulf Stream, that really, of its own accord, flows up an inclined plane from South to North. He said that, according to scientific men, this warm stream starts at three thousand feet below the surface off Hatteras, and in the course of about one hundred and thirty miles rises, or runs up hill, with an ascent of five or six feet to the mile.

What makes it? Ah! that is more than Jack knows. More than the bird knew. More than the officer knew, either, I guess.

Shall anyone ever know? Why not? Wise people are learning new things all the time, and why may they not find out the why and wherefore of this queer thing?

OCEAN GARDENS.

IT seems to me that I'm learning faster than ever I learned before. Perhaps it's on account of being helped by so many girls and boys. One of the latest things I've found out is that there are gardens in the ocean.

The paths are made of smooth, white sand, winding about among beds of rock. The plants are delicate waving things of every graceful shape, and of beautiful colors,—red, yellow, pink, purple, green, brown and grey. Among them the coral branches wave, while out and in, around and between them all, silently swim the glittering forms of fishes as wonderful as the flowers.

A solemn sort of gardens must these be, with never a voice to be heard in them. I think I like best the gardens of the land, made glad by the voices of children and birds. On the land, at least, one would not be likely to mistake an animal for a plant.

In the ocean gardens, many of the things that look like plants are really animals, and we (if we could get at them) might try to pluck a pretty orange-colored or purple blossom, and find out that we were breaking a piece from an animal, which would be unpleasant to both parties.

"IT'S VACATION."

HURRAH! Jack knows it. Enjoy yourselves all you can, my dears.

THE LETTER BOX.

ROBBIE N.—You write that you would like to see in the Letter Box a good piece for a little boy to recite,—something that can be read with expression; for, though you are quite young, still you like to study out the meaning of what you learn. Very well. Here is a fine opportunity for you and scores of other young folks, in this quaint and touching poem by William Blake. William Blake once lived in a dingy court in London, and no doubt saw many a sooty little chimney-sweep go in and out. If ever a man could see a chance for anything hopeful and bright in the life of these poor, hard-worked little fellows, that man was William Blake, for his soul was full of tender sympathy for all. You will notice, Robbie and the rest, that almost every line of this poem is peculiarly capable of being given with expression; in fact, you will need all the tones of your voice, and nearly every power of your bright young faces, to recite it properly.

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

When my mother died I was very young,
And my father sold me while yet my tongue
Could scarcely cry, "Weep, weep! Weep, weep!"
So your chimneys I sweep, and in soot I sleep.

There's little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head,
That curled like a lamb's back, was shaved. So I said:
"Hush, Tom! never mind it, for when your head's bare,
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair."

And so he was quiet, and that very night,
As Tom was a-sleeping, he had such a sight:
That thousands of sweepers,—Dick, Joe, Ned and Jack,—
Were all of them lock'd up in coffins of black.

And by came an angel who had a bright key,
And he opened the coffins and set them all free;
Then down a green plain, leaping, laughing, they run,
And wash in a river, and shine in the sun.

Then naked and white, all their bags left behind,
They rise upon clouds and sport in the wind;
And the angel told Tom, if he'd be a good boy,
He'd have God for his father, and never want joy.

And so Tom awoke, and we rose in the dark,
And got with our bags and our brushes, to work:
Though the morning was cold, Tom was happy and warm,
So, if all do their duty, they need not fear harm.

GRACE HUNTER writes: "I would like to tell the girls something. It is about a good use for the frames of old umbrellas, sunshades or parasols. You just open them, strip off the silk, sharpen the handles to a point, and thrusting them, open, into the ground, let them serve as trellises for vines. Last summer, we girls had a lovely sweet-pea vine growing over mother's old parasol-frame, and a balloon vine trained over father's castaway umbrella. They were lovely. The frames were old-fashioned whalebone ones. Iron ones will answer the same purpose; but they ought not to stand in very sunny places, as they easily become heated, and so injure the vines."

S. T. CARLISLE.—See "Who Wrote the Arabian Nights?" page 42 of the first number of ST. NICHOLAS.

THE WILHELM'S WEEK.—Here is a letter from Germany, which, we think, will interest our young friends:

Kaiserworth ein Rhein, Prussia.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS: Would you like to hear about the Kaiser's (or Emperor's) birthday, and, as they call it here, a Wilhelm's Week?

No doubt, all of you young folks who read ST. NICHOLAS have been trained to believe that it is the happiest of all lots to live in a republic. There is certainly much to be thankful for in our form of government; but an empire has also its special advantages. One of these you may never have heard of; at least, I learned it to-day for the first time.

On President Grant's birthday, I suppose Mr. Grant gives his children a party, and they have unlimited supplies of all sorts of nice things; but I am very sure President Grant does not send a "Grant's week" to every one of you on that day. Now, the Kaiser, on his birthday, the 22d of March, always gives a "Wilhelm's week" to

every boy and girl in the public schools in his kingdom; and a "Wilhelm's week" is a very nice German cake.

But I will tell you all about it, and, in the words of a school-girl from Westphalia who has just been talking with me:

"Oh! it is so charming! *liebes Fraulein*! you can't think here, in this little village, how much better we celebrate the Kaiser's birthday in the city. There is a fortress there, garrisoned by several regiments of soldiers. So, early in the morning, a beautiful statue of the Kaiser is brought out into the middle of the market-place, and crowned with laurel. All the soldiers, with their shining helmets and waving crests, assemble around it, and hold their parade here. On one side stand all the children from the public schools of the city with their teachers; on the other side stand all the large boys from the *Realschule*,—six hundred of them. A large choir, selected from these, stand on the steps of the Rath-haus, and when the chief burgomaster has made a speech to all the people, this choir sings, in four parts, our most beautiful national songs, always including, of course, 'Heil dir in Lieder Kranz!' ('Hail, in thy Laurel Crown, Kaiser, to thee!'). This is nearly the same good old tune which, in England, is 'God Save the Queen,' and in the United States does duty as 'America.'"

"Then the school children and their teachers go to the school-houses; the parents and friends come; the children repeat poems and speeches and sing more patriotic songs, and the teacher relates to them the life of the Emperor, and tells them of his brave deeds, of his noble character, and his warm, loving heart for his people and soldiers."

"Then they all go for a long walk, and each child receives his or her 'Wilhelm's week.' They go together, far out of the city, to some pretty little village, beautiful old park, or green meadow. Here tables have been set for them, and coffee is given to each child to drink with his 'Wilhelm's week.' The city pays for the coffee; but the cake is always the private gift of the Emperor."

There! Don't you think there are *some* advantages in living in an empire?—Yours truly,
JULIA S. TUTWILER.

We should be very glad if our American children could have a few other of the benefits enjoyed by the young Prussians. Their common-school system is said to be the best in the world; and as the state allows no child to grow up in ignorance, the schools take care that, while the education shall be thorough, there shall be no cruel "cramming." Great discretion is exercised as to what the children need learn and what may be left unlearned. They understand that it is as great injustice to a young brain to overload it as it is to neglect it.

We advise our young readers to take pains to let their parents see the daily lessons they are studying, so as to know their character, their length, and, above all, their quality as to clearness. If you do not understand your lessons, and your teachers cannot make them clear to you, let your parents know of it. We do not advise you to complain unnecessarily, nor to try to get rid of doing a fair amount of study; but we do say this: Many present abuses in our schools and text-books would be remedied if young students and their parents had a full and mutual understanding in regard to them. Parents generally pay no attention to the way in which their children are being taught; they too often take it for granted that a text-book means instruction, and that to recite means to learn; and, worse than all, that the harder and longer the lesson-tasks are, the better must be the chances of acquiring a fine education. You children may work a reform here.

MASTER B.—The word "hippodrome" is derived from Greek words, signifying a *horse* and a *course*. If you had looked for this word in Worcester's or Webster's big dictionary, you would have been spared the trouble of writing to ST. NICHOLAS. This explanation will help you to comprehend several other words beginning with *hippo* (a horse), as hippopotamus, hippogriph, hippocamp, and hippography. When you discover that two syllables in "hippography" are derived from a Greek word signifying *to eat*, it may interest you still further to know that the Tartars are known to practice hippography. This throws a new light upon that moderate request, "Oh, give me but my Arab steed!"

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been reading about carpet-making, and though I was not able to find the name of the person who invented carpet, I collected the following few facts about it, which will partially answer H. W. Carroll's question in the June Letter Box:

At a very early period, and long before what we now call carpets were known, coarse materials, such as straw and rushes, were used

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on floors. These were afterwards braided into a sort of matting. Even Queen Mary used rushes as a floor covering, and after carpet was introduced in Europe.

The Egyptians were probably the first who made carpets; and they were manufactured by hand, in Persia, long before they were made in Europe. The Babylonians come next. They wove strange figures of fabulous men and animals in their carpets. The Greeks and Romans imported Babylonish carpets for their own use.

France took the lead among European nations in the art of making carpets. They were first introduced in the reign of Henry IV., in about the year 1600. In 1664, a manufactory was established at Beauvais, a town situated forty-two miles north of Paris; and about the same time, carpets were made in Chailloit, now an important manufacturing town three miles from Paris.

About a century after this (1757), carpet manufacturing had so increased, that a French society of art offered a premium to the best imitation of the Turkey carpet.

For a long time, the ingrain carpet was only made by hand-loom. In Europe their manufacture by power-loom was abandoned as impossible.

And just here the superiority of Yankee ingenuity is apparent. In Boston, a gentleman manufactured a power-loom, which he afterward so perfected as to entirely change the nature of carpet-making.

Respectfully, Z. Z.

MRS. HENRY R. B.—Yes, we can heartily recommend you, and to all mothers of young children, "Plays for the Kindergarten," by Mrs. Henrietta Noa, with music by John Richter. It is published by J. L. Peters, N. Y.

"JICKS."—Your puzzle is very old.

MAUDIE is six years old, and somebody who loves her, and feels sorry for all little girls who have to wear their hair frizzed, or curled, or "hanging down their backs," in this warm weather, has thus written out poor Maudie's thoughts:

O dear! It is in the paper again,—I heard mamma read it myself. "Little girls still wear their hairs a-flowing."

I've never had any pleasure with my head since I can recollect. It's always, "Now, Maudie, you must have your curl-papers in;" or, "Maudie, come, let me fix your hair to crimp." Mamma thinks she does a *wonderful* good act because she won't curl me with a warm iron. I heard her tell Myra Bland's mamma she thought it was *cruel* to heat a child's head and scorch its hair all off. I wish she would scorch mine till it would get as little as Cousin Hal's. He just laughs at me for crying.

"Why, look, sis," he says, every time he comes, "they may comb my hair as much as they please, and I don't mind it!"

"Oh, you must be patient!" nurse says; "everybody has to be dressed. Nobody loves little girls if they are naughty and cry and look untidy! Come! Don't you remember, in your story-books, about

'Little Annie Grace, with her smiling face,
Brushes out her golden hair till she makes it shine!
Lovely Annie Grace!'"

That's the way nurse talks while she's a-combing the hateful tangles. Oh, it's just awful! And when I *have* to cry, "There, then!" mamma says: "you are a naughty child." Then she quits and takes away out at the window. Then I wipe off my face with a wet towel and tell her I'm sorry; and she kisses me and makes up.

"Oh, how sweet you look!" auntie says, when I'm done. "Just look in the glass at aunty's 'snowbird!'" And she turns it so I can see myself.

Uncle Johnnie meets me on the stairs, and holds up his hands and cries, "Whew! What a lovely little fairy! Really, Maudie, you look good enough to eat."

That makes me feel nice. But quick as grandma sees me, she says, "Oh, now! I thought you were a grumpy to be my little girl once; but you've gone and got your hair all frizzled and mussed up. Well! Little girls can't go out to walk with me unless they have their hair nice and smooth!"

Then that awful man that everybody calls "Uncle William" comes in, and I can't get out of the room.

"Who is this?" he asks, looking at me through his spectacles and reaching out his hand.

Then I have to sit on his knee and be smoothed and rubbed down. I can feel the curls going—just as plain! And I know they went last. To-morrow it'll have to be done over again!

Oh, if the fashions would just say, "Little girls must have their hair tied in a bunch or else cut right off!" And, O dear! it's so dreadful hot all down my back, I don't know what to do, *really!*

"SCHOOL-GIRL."—In reply to your inquiry concerning a "really good, very low-priced paper for girls," we cordially commend the *Young Folk's Journal*, issued monthly at Brinton, Pa. It is edited and published by a family of girls, and is excellent in every respect.

BIRD-DEFENDERS.—The army of Bird-defenders is growing to be very large. Recruits come pouring in every day; and now Mr. Haskins, its founder, sends in a long list of boys' and girls' names, pupils of male and female high schools of New Albany, Ind.: Frank H. Gohman, A. L. Douglas, Charles G. Wilson, G. W. Haskins, Frank M. Worrall, Daniel S. Trimler, Daniel R. E. Doherty, Edward W. Faucett, Alex. Lowestell Wells, jr., Chas. Lloyd, John T. Robinson, Hartie H. Depen, John Steele Davis, jr., C. Filch, R. Byrn, Harry Lincoln, Frank Miller, C. H. Gard, Charles N. Pitt, J. M. Stotsenburg, J. F. McCulloch, W. P. Lewis, Wm. P. Tuley, John J. Tighe, John E. Payne, Charles Greene, W. Leach, Eugene Swift, James Lewis, Charlie A. Haskins, Hettie R. Smith, Alice White, Amanda Newbanks, Nannie A. Windell, Belle Lane, Lydia M. Littell, Mattie Matheny, Lillie Austin, Lilian F. Moore, Ella Harbeson, Sallie I. McCulloch, Addie Bader, Ada Hester, Clara S. Williams, E. Ufaste Kepley, Minnie Seabrook, Annie Dalby, Clara M. Pitt, Anna E. Petery, Mary Genung, Ella M. Garriotte, Katie C. Garriotte, Cassie S. Weir, Jennie S. Cook, Florence A. Pitt, Jennie Ewing, Anna B. Martin, Ella L. Sigmom, Lizzie B. Hester, Florence I. Myers, Fannie Strau, Leah Decker, Becca Byrn, Lydia Townsend, H. H. Franck, Jennie Day, Rosalith Kent, Katie Hurrie, Mary Schofield, Emma Dowerman, Nannie Andrews, Nannie Royer, Maggie Baldwin, Grace M. Lee, Laura E. Johnston, Mary Kelo, Gerie E. Jackson, Gerie Forse, Mamie Wilson, Ella M. Hill, Augusta Tising, Josie Jasper, Ida M. Sackett, Zora White, Annie Nichols, Lina Shelton, Anna Doen, Mary Ewing, Hattie L. Stout, Lizzie Pearson, Hattie Deeble, Sallie King, Eva Matheny, Ella Applegate, Estelle Neat, Alice Tuley, Mary Robellaz, Louisa Goetz, Caddie Conner, Kittie Davis, P. A. Rager, Lillie M. Tuley, Sarah A. Sinex, Laura Johnson, Maggie M. Hall, Emma J. Noyes, Anna Draper, Lottie Cogwell, and A. M. Thurman.

Ella Christopher, of Jacksonville, Florida, sends in her own and four other names: A. A. Fays, Josie Phillips, Ida Holmes and Emma Bours. And Minnie Thomas, of Boston, sends a long list of names with the following letter:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been much interested in what you say about birds, and would all like to join your army; and so I send you a list of recruits. We have a handsome tortoise-shell cat, named Beauty, whom we think a remarkable animal. She never kills birds, but is a famous mouser. We have two canaries who sometimes leave their cage and alight on Beauty's head and run over her back. She likes it very much. It is quite funny to see her sleeping quietly before the fire, and those birds dancing up and down on her head and back, singing with all their might. Once Beauty came in where we were at tea, and ran eagerly from one to another, uttering strange cries. First she went to the door, then came back, then went to the door again, looking back as if asking us to follow her. So Bertie went with her, and she led him outdoors to where there lay a young robin, which had fallen out of a nest near by. Bertie called uncle, who put Master Robin back; and when Beauty saw he was safe, she gave a glad "m-e-o-ow," and went back to her place by the fire, where she slept in peace. Don't you think she deserves to have her name among the bird-defenders?

Since our last issue, the boys and girls named below have sent us their names to be enrolled as Bird-defenders: Wilson Farrand, Marion W., Fred A. Norton, Arthur D. Percy, Allan Preston, Robert Nichols, Harry Duncan, Herbert Irwin, Charlie Irwin, Harry Lewis, Fred W. Ellis, Bertie S. Ellis, James Moore, Fred Moore, Charlie Moore, Edgar D. Austin, Edwin Howard, Arthur Willard, Charlie S. Willard, Ernest Leslie, Fred Leslie, Robert Stearns, Jamie F. Carleton, Alfred P. Curtis, Harry W. Curtis, Percy S. Clifford, Eddie F. Graham, Charlie Warren, Emma G. Lyon, Percy Lyon, Harold A. Lyon, Bertie E. Lyon, Lilian Lyon, Marian Lyon, Minnie Thomas, Minnie Merwin, Ethel S. Percy, Alma Lewis, Edith F. Willard, Grace Ellis, Allie Morse, Jessie S. Austin, Stella C. Nichols, Gerie E. Nichols, Florence Irwin, Hattie W. Osborne, Mabel W. Irwin, Beacie R. Allen, Carrie F. Dana, Allie K. Bertram, Cora Kendall, Nettie S. Elliott, Bertie L., Louise S., R. B. Corey, B. Waterman, C. E. Sweet, Maggie Lippincott, Frank Ratch, Rollie Bates, Horace S. Kephart, Willie Boucher Jones, Roderick E. Jernids, Ora L. Dowty, Walter C. Peirce, Leonard M. Daggett, and Ernest G. Dumas.

Here is another long list of signers just received from Lulie M. French, of Hamilton Co., Ohio: Fordie M. French, Ambrose Matson, James T. Wood, Homer Matson, Lulie M. French, Tillie B. French, Haidee Ottman, Mary A. Moore, Ellen Clark, Elizabeth Scott, Lilly Wilson, Rosa Scott, Nancy E. Moore, Nettie Bedinger, Jennie Wood, Maggie E. Wood, Harriet Bedinger, Lizzie Wilson, and Delia Moore.

"MAX AND MAURICE" wish to know of "some reliable work on the treatment of caged birds." They will probably find what they want in any of the following books, for sale by Scribner, Armstrong & Co., N. Y.:

Bird-Keeping. A Practical Guide. By the author of "Home Pets." Price, 50c.

Cage Birds: their Management, Diseases, Food, &c. By J. M. Bechstein, M. D. Price, \$1.75.

The Canary: its Varieties, Management, and Breeding. By Rev. F. Smith. Price, \$1.75.

Will "Aunt Libbie," of New Brunswick, please send us her post-office address?

ANSWERS TO "SOMETHING NEW: THE LANGUAGE OF THE RESTLESS IMPS," from Agnes Coburn, Maria L. Stebbins, Ada A. Hodges, Edward H. Conner, Lillie and Mamie F., Julia Smith, and Laura A. Shotwell, were received too late for acknowledgment with others in the July Riddle Box; as was also Carrie B. Northrop's translation of "La Petite Plume Rouge."

ANSWERS TO "CHARL'S PUZZLE" have been received from Addie S. Church, W. B. Crawford, Sallie Peabody, M. A. White, Julia Smith, Laura A. Shotwell, and C. A. Miller.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

La Fontaine's Fables, published by Cassell, Petter and Galpin, New York, is a magnificent edition of these famous fables, superbly illustrated by Gustave Doré. Our frontispiece which, in a reduced form, is taken from this book—is an example of the beauty of its engravings.

The Sportsman's Club Afloat. By Harry Castlemon. Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.

From the American Tract Society, N. Y.: *The Swallow Stories*, by Sallie Chester; *Alfred Warriner*, by O. A. K.; *From Four to Fourteen*, by Jennie Harrison; *Ethel's Gift*, *Maysie's Star*, *Joe Blake's Temptation*, *Rachel's Lilies*, *Benny, Bought with a Price*, and *The Rescued Lamb*.

Bryant's Book-Keeping. By J. C. Bryant, M. D. Published by the author, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE RIDDLE BOX.

CLASSICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of fourteen letters. My 6, 14, 8, 9, 10, 2 was the wife of Cupid. My 13, 7, 13, 12 was an Egyptian goddess. My 3, 10, 4, 3, 13, 7 was the mother of Achilles. My 1, 4, 3, 13, 12 was the Goddess of Prudence. My 4, 9, 10, 11 was a beautiful nymph. My 3, 10, 2, 5, 13, 14 was the goddess of Law. My 13, 11 was the daughter of Inachus. My whole is what the ancients called the transmigration of souls. PANSY.

CHARADE.

(First.)

A VESSEL which a voyage made,
When other craft all failed;
It floated o'er the tops of trees,
And over mountains sailed.

(Second.)

A workman, one who works with skill
At good and useful trade;
Some use a mallet and a drill,
Some are of higher grade.

(Whole.)

My whole, among inventors, stood
In foremost rank of all;
By his inventions did much good;
Please now his name recall. HENRY.

GEOGRAPHICAL DECAPITATIONS.

BEHEAD a strait of Australia, and leave a slow domestic animal. Behead a town of Georgia, and leave an instrument of music. Behead a cape on the Atlantic coast, and leave a part of the head. Behead a cape of Alaska, and leave a weapon. Behead a river of Mississippi, and leave a man of title. Behead a bay of Louisiana, and leave a word that means wanting. Behead a river of South Carolina, and leave a highway. Behead a town in New Hampshire, and leave a word that means above. Behead a river of Georgia, and leave something useful in dressing wounds.

A. M. B.

TWISTED TREES.

(Fill the first blank in the sentence with the name of some tree, and the second with the same name transposed.)

1. The — affords — shade. 2. The wax-wing utters — in the — tree. 3. The leaf of — is a —. 4. The — red berries. 5. Children fresh and — and sat beneath the —. 6. Good — trees are not —. 7. Don't — the — tree. CHARL.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A consonant. 2. A kitchen utensil. 3. A writer of hymns. 4. A part. 5. Extended. 6. Corrupted. 7. A town in France. 8. A boy's nickname. 9. A consonant. FAN-FAN.

HIDDEN CITIES.

1. THE two boys played dominoes together. 2. Charles, did you see the large dromedary at the circus? 3. I bought two fat hens at the market. 4. The girl who borrowed my rubber never returned it. 5. I hope kind words will not be ineffectual with him. 6. He loaded the meal on donkeys, and brought it to the city. 7. Last April I made many April-fools. 8. His wounds bleed so profusely that he must die from loss of blood. 9. Why did you not bring the chart for David? 10. During the ravages of the mob, I left the city. 11. The boys who stole dogs were arrested to-day. 12. You will find your hat below, Ella. C. D.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My first is a blossom, but once a fair youth;
My second a delicate fruit;
My third is a part of a building well known;
My fourth has a voice like a lute;
My fifth is a plant ancient warriors held dear;
My sixth interrupts but to please;
My seventh is a cluster of stars, and my eighth
A bird, which live prey loves to seize.
The initials of these give a warrior's name,
And the finals the prison to which he gave fame.

J. B. P.

ENIGMA.

My first is in battle, but not in fight;
 My second is in eve, but not in night;
 My third is in hearing but not in sight;
 My fourth is in darkness, but not in light;
 My fifth is in wrong, and also in right;
 My sixth is in red, but not in white;
 My seventh is in flee, but not in flight;
 My eighth is in read, and also in write;
 My ninth is in danger, but not in fright.
 My whole is a beautiful tree.

E. R.

He put no rat, which was teem, but her am saw dam,
 because it was not trap water. However, it cured her,
 and won she yam wear her ten or ton, as she pleases.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

A BIRD ENIGMA.

A GORGEOUS bird, whose plumage bright,
 Makes tropic forests gay;
 A bright-winged thing, whose hanging nest
 The passing breezes sway;
 A warbler sweet of sunny isles,
 Too oft a prisoner here;
 A bird, whose wing scarce seems to move
 While sailing through the air;
 A pretty little warbling finch,
 Familiar, gay and bright;
 A songster rare, whose mellow notes
 Are sweetly sung at night;
 A bird with breast of golden dye,
 And wings of darker hue;
 A favorite nestling of our woods,
 All clothed in feathers blue;
 An idol, once to Egypt dear,
 And named in ancient lore;
 An English pet, that comes in spring,
 And chirps about the door;
 A gentle, tender, meek-eyed bird,
 Oft seen upon the wing,
 Whose note is plaintive, soft and pure,
 Whose praises poets sing.

These songsters sweet, from every land,
 Who form a fluttering, bright-hued band,
 Have here in kindness flown;
 For each one now an offering brings,
 To form the name of one who sings,
 And makes their songs his own:
 The bird, to Southern woods most dear,
 With voice sweet, mellow, rich and clear.

K. L.

REBUS, No. 1.



A BACKWARD STORY.

(In the following story, thirty-eight of the one hundred and forty-three words are spelled backwards. When they are corrected, the narrative becomes clear.)

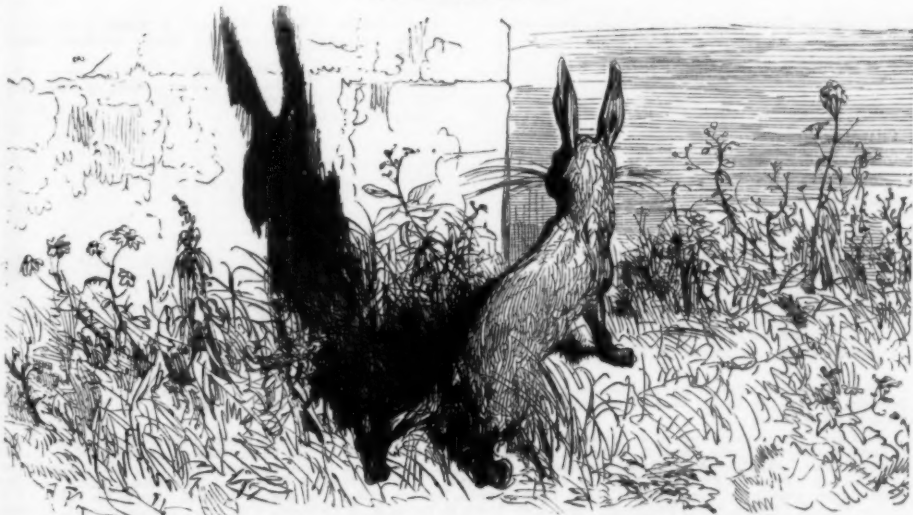
A beautiful girl had a new close to the very pot trap of her head.

"Tub," said she, "it does not ram it much, at least ton when I nod my ten."

When she was her mother and lover ward near, she was glad the ten saw a good tif. Besides, as the sag was ton lit, the moor was mid. Once, being startled out of a pan by thunder, she bumped the new tub she went where there saw a wolf of cold water and held it under.

"Trips, water!" said she, faint as a wounded reed, and then she went for den. Den was a orgen doctor.

PICTURE QUOTATION.



What passage in Shakespeare's "Macbeth" does this picture illustrate?

REBUS, No. 2.



RHYMING DECAPITATION.

(Fill the second, third and fourth blanks by successive beheading of a word which should be in the first blank.)

GREEN willows on the banks are —;
Upon the stream blithe boatmen —;
Their speed to favoring breezes —,
Is swift as birds upon the —.

With lily-pads their oars are —;
With eager hands the blossoms —;
They shout, "Dull care far from me —"
And echo answers, "—!" J. F. B.

PUZZLE.

(The following puzzle was first published in 1628, and was reprinted in "Hone's Every-Day Book" for 1826; but it is very ingenious, and perhaps new to many of our readers.)

A vessel sailed from a port in the Mediterranean with thirty passengers, consisting of fifteen Jews and fifteen Christians. During the voyage a heavy storm arose, and it was found necessary to throw overboard half the passengers in order to lighten the ship. After consultation, they agreed to a proposal from the captain that he

should place them all in a circle and throw overboard every ninth man, until only fifteen should be left. He then arranged them in such a way that all the Jews were thrown overboard, and all the Christians saved. How did he do it?

SYNCOPIATIONS.

SYNCOPE a weapon, and get a way. Syncope not new, and get a disposal. Syncope a shelter, and get an article of clothing. Syncope a weapon, and get a law or rule. Syncope a heathen god, and get an exclamation. NIP.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

My first is in Leeds, but not in Erne;
My second is in Liege, but not in Berne;
My third is in Dover, but not in Hull;
My fourth is in Derg, but not in Mull;
My fifth is in Pearl, but not in Save;
My sixth is in Perth, but not in Drave;
My seventh is in Rome, but not in Rhine;
My eighth is in Toulon, but not in Tyne;
My ninth is in Darling, but not in Dee.
My whole is a city across the sea. R. S. T.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

A TRAGEDY.—Fledges, ledges, edges. Glover, lover, over.
PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Hobby-Horse.

H—cart—H
O—man—O
B—er—R
B—oiler—S
Y—ok—E

CHARADE.—Sanhedrim.

PUZZLE.—Matrimony.

PREFIX PUZZLE.—Prefix: The letter P. Place, Prose, Prime, Pin, Plead, Poke, Plash, Pear, Plover, Prest, Park, Pant.

CONCEALED SQUARE WORD.—

V E S T
E C H O
S H O P
T O P S

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.—

"Pat a cake, pat a cake, baker's man!"
"So I do, master, as fast as I can."
"Pat it and roll it, and mark it with B,"
And toss in the oven for baby and me."

CLASSICAL ENIGMA.—1. Orcus. 2. Pan. 3. Telen. 4. Ru-

teni. 5. Nænia. 6. Elatus. 7. Canace. 8. Æolus. 9. Urania. 10. Serapis. 11. Issoria. 12. Luperus. Whole: Noctiluca, Calliope, Narcissus.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.—1. Scldom, models. 2. Praise, I parse. 3. We do best, bestowed. 4. Laid, dial. 5. Result, lustre. 6. Scare, races, acres, cares. 7. Palest, petals, plates, staple.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

B
V A N
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E

RIDDLE.—Georgie.

SEVENTEEN CONCEALED LAKES.—Oneida, Wener, Ree, Van, Ilmen, Leon, Constance, Onega, Rainy, Patos, Como, Utah, Thun, Erie, Tchad, Tschany, Ness.

REBUS.—The Feejee Islands number one hundred and fifty-four; sixty-five only are inhabited.

BIBLICAL CHARADE.—Afarat.

LETTER PUZZLE.—"A burnt child dreads the fire."

TRANSLATIONS OF "SANCTI PETRI ÆDES SACRA" were received, previous to June 16, from W. F. Bridge, Frank E. Camp, Harry Beveridge, "Plymouth Rock," Alice Whittlesey, Daisy Lee, Charles H. Brickenstein, E. Augustus Douglass, Ella M. Truesdell and William Le Roy Brown.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, previous to June 16, from M. Winthrop Jones, Addie S. Church, Mamie F. Buttre, Guerdon H. Cooke, Frank M. Wakefield, E. D. K., "Shelby, Ohio," "Frank and Laure," Bessie Cornelius, Ellen G. Hodges, George English, C. A. Miller, M. E. Carpenter, Mamie L. Leithead, C. S. Patterson, Minnie Thomas, J. B. C., Jr., Minnie Potter, Ansel James McCall, "Neno and Nimpo," E. G. B., W. Campbell Langfitt, "Typo," "Flos," S. M. Arty, Lillie Whitman, Julia Bacon, Roy Wright, Annie Augusta De Vinne, Jennie C. Gale, Edith Ryerson, Nellie S. Colby, Miss Minnie T. Allen, "Lily of the Valley," F. L. A.—y, Chas. F. Olmstead, John Lyle Clough, "Snowdrop," Carrie H. Barker, M. E. Carpenter, Willie Boucher Jones, Carrie L. Hastings, "Jicks," Charlie W. Balestier, Arthur E. Smith, Anna W. Olcott, Willie M. K. Olcott, Charles A. Berry, Matie Thompson, Jamie J. Ormsbee, Willie R. Buck, Louise F. Olmstead, Ernest G. Dumas, Edward R. Kellogg and Hattie P. Woodruff.

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THE GENTLE ANGLER.

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